Poocock's

EVERLASTING SONGSTER,

Containing a Selection of the most approved

Songs,

which have been, and are likely to be sung for ever,

with Universal Applause.

— ALSO —

A COLLECTION OF TOASTS & SENTIMENTS,

upon a Plan perfectly new,

to which is added, original

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR.

GRACECHURCH

Printed by R. Poocock & Sold by Mess.rs Robinsons'. Booksellers, Paternoster Row, and all other Booksellers, in Town & Country.

MDCCC

W.N.H.
Bib.
Bodl.
HARDING

INTRODUCTION.

THE prefixing an Introduction to a Song-Book, is certainly more a novelty, than the ſelection now preſented to the public; wherein no Song, Toaſt, or Sentiment is inſerted, but upon the moſt aſſured preſumption that the ſame will be always acceptable and in faſhion among every deſcription of perſons.

The natural behaviour of mankind is rude, until by degrees it is civilized: but what contributes more to the happineſs and civilization of ſociety in their leiſure hours, than to be entertained with ſinging? In the melody of this art the Italians have excelled all other Nations; but the Engliſh have had and now have Writers of Poetry, and Compoſers of Muſic, equal to thoſe of the Italians, who undoubtedly for many years have greatly had the advantage of the Britiſh, by their vivacity and actions. In theſe points

the Britiſh are very deficient; for it muſt be acknowledged that ſtupidity is generally diſcoverable in an Engliſhman during his ſinging a ſong; and ſo much, that it frequently raiſes a laugh againſt him by his own Countrymen. and much more ſo by Foreigners: this ariſes from ſhutting his eyes; fixing them upon the cieling of the room; or by ſome awkward geſture, either with his mouth quite open, or at another time ſo cloſe as not to be intelligent to the company at large: thoſe and ſuch like peculiarities while accuſtomed to, will always make him appear ridiculous, and his ſong, however well performed, will not go off with that eclat, as that of his rival Foreigner, who ſeems to feel every expreſſion of the words in the ſong in their full force, by modifying his voice accordingly —Therefore it is to be hoped theſe hints will be acceptable, and that my Countrymen will not be aſhamed to take a little advice and look their audience in the face; nor let a Foreigner excell them in this art.

But my chief deſign in this little book was to collect and preſent a ſelection of Songs, Toaſts, and Sentiments, avoiding thoſe of a political, wicked or vulgar tendency, which have ſo long been ſuffered by Chairmen of different Societies to reign predominant: and at this place it will not be amiſs to ſay, that a popular Toaſt which has beer the too general rule to give firſt ("To the Excluſion of every Female," whoſe company we ought rather to court than to diſcourage) has been a diſgrace, not only to the giver, but to every rule of decency and morality; for vulgariſm if encouraged, tends to downright immorality, and immorality is the foundation of every vice. Vice and ignorance (ſaid Lord Cheſterfield) are the only things we ought

to

to be aſhamed of; while we keep clear of them, we may venture any where without fear or concern."—Then how carefully ought we to guard againſt this growing evil, which is ſo eaſily checked by the prudence and authority of a good Chairman, to whom the greateſt reſpect and attention ſhould be ſhewn, and whoſe commands, during the hours of conviviality, ſhould be ſtrictly obeyed.—This demeanour is not abided by as it ought, which occaſions much irregularity and confuſion, diminiſhing the pleaſure we ſhould otherwiſe have enjoyed for the evening. This ariſes ſometimes from a Chairman being choſen (without abilities) becauſe of his ſuperior rank and ſometimes from the petulant or bad behaviour of ſome of the company.

When a party meets to ſpend a few hours over a jovial bowl, or to drink a few friendly glaſſes of ſocial wine, they ſhould (by a majority) elect a perſon of ſome little gravity and authority, whom they knew had been in the habits of preſiding either as Vice-Preſident or Preſident at another meeting, and whom they know is well acquainted with a number of Toaſts and Sentiments ready at command to entertain his companions, for thoſe are the beſt regulated and moſt harmonious ſocieties where the Chairman is the ſole giver of all Toaſts and Sentiments, and who commands the Songs alternately with the Toaſts and Sentiments.

The drinking of Toaſts and Healths, is an old cuſtom in England, and was firſt introduced in the year 450, by a beautiful young lady called Rowena, when ſhe filled a gold cup with wine and preſented it

to the King whilſt at dinner, ſaying, "Dear King Vortigern,—your health."—The King was agreeably ſurpriſed, and in return immediately aroſe from his ſeat, and gave her a ſalute, which Rowena received in a very reſpectful manner, and making a profound reverence withdrew." This ſhews the great antiquity of the cuſtom, eſpecially of drinking the King's health firſt; and good old cuſtoms ought not to be forſaken; but I ſhould adviſe my reader that whenever he is called upon for a Toaſt, to give ſome eminent Perſon, not ſo much on the account of his title as his ſingular merit above the reſt of his fellow creatures, or his high rank of honour among his countrymen; and no Briton ought to be at a loſs for the name of ſuch a perſon, as our Iſland produces ſo many; or a ſhort philanthorpic or moral Sentiment ſhould be given, whereof a numberleſs variety might be formed, to inculcate virtue and diſſipate vice; but there are ſome perſons deſtitute of the etiquette ſuited to good company, and who frequent it ſo ſeldom that they are often at a loſs for a Sentiment when called upon, this occaſions a delay in the mirth, and the majority of the company deem it ignorance, and a laugh or contemptuous ſneer follows, raiſed at their expence: to avoid which, I have thought proper to ſubjoin many Names of worthy Perſons, upon a new Plan, with ſelect Sentiments; ſo that any perſon with a little attention before he goes into company may properly be ſtocked with five or ſix, which will be ſufficient to prevent his being the butt of the company for the evening: ſerving not only as a Toaſt-Maſter's Aſſiſtant, but as an Index to the Dignitaries of the Church,—Law,—Army,—Navy,—Public Officers, and Public Bodies, with the places where they are eſtabliſhed, a thing of the utmoſt conſequence and of the greateſt utility, for want of a general diffuſion of this knowledge many an individual has ſuffered.

In

In ſome companies the Chairman gives the three firſt Toaſts, which I ſhould recommend always to be Firſt —The KING.—Second—The QUEEN.—and Third —The ROYAL FAMILY,—and then proceed to his right and left-hand friends for their's in rotation, in this rule it is neceſſary to be provided with a Toaſt or Sentiment ready; therefore never be backward in being prepared to behave like a Man of the World; nor on the other hand, be forward in rendering to the Preſident any Voluntary Toaſt or Song out of your turn until it has been called for. It has been found upon experience that moſt men are too vain of their abilities, and that a Voluntary Songſter is of all the moſt troubleſome; his ſongs are like an alarum when once he has liberty to begin there is no poſſibility of ſtopping him: beſides it breaks the regularity of the ſociety, and the Chairman by indulging him in his humour, loſes part of his dignity.—It is undoubtedly pleaſing to hear a good Songſter, but if ſuch is in the room, and is not perſonally known to the Preſident, I have no doubt but ſome perſon in company will endeavour privately to acquaint him therewith; this induces me to treat on proper behaviour when called upon by the Chairman or preceding Songſter for a Song, and in compliance to their requeſt not to heſitate, but do your beſt endeavour, only a verſe will convince the company you are not in the habit of ſinging, and they will be pleaſed by returning you thanks for your obliging diſpoſition: but contrary behaviour, in refuſing to ſatisfy them, the moſt preſſing entreaties will be made on the preſumption of your excellent voice, and after a long time delayed in ſolicitations, you then comply; and if it does not equal their expectations, a diſſatisfaction prevails, and they are ſorry for their application.

The

The Sun having a natural apparent motion in the heavens, has given the ſame order to be followed by the Jovial Souls on Earth; that is follow the courſe of the Sun by filling our glaſs when ordered by the Chairman, and paſs immediately the bottle over the left arm to our next companion, until it comes to the Chair again. In private families as well as in large companies it is uſual for the Maſter or Head to give the three firſt Toaſts, nearly full, after which, every perſons fills at diſcretion; but is obliged for the ſake of regularity, to drink what he fills; but by filling your neighbour's glaſs, without his permiſſion, or by filling your own ſo full as to run over, ſhews ill manners and extravagance; for which you will be fined by the Chair:—the uſual fine is a glaſs of liquor, drank ſtanding and uncovered, addreſſing yourſelf to the Chair, with this ceremony, by ſaying, "All fines to the King." This at once implies a penance for your ill behaviour, and an acknowledgement of your loyalty to the government under which you are protected.

Among the ancients, all puniſhments were fines:—all fines are eſtreated into the Exchequer and belong to the King; and the reaſon is, becauſe the Courts of Juſtice are ſupported at his charge; and wherever the law puts the King to any charge for the ſupport and protection of his people, it provides money for that purpoſe.

If a party propoſe to ſpend a few hours together, it is much the better way that each perſon, upon or before his entering the room, or as ſoon as they are ſet down at table, to put to vote the ſum propoſed for each

each to ſpend, which ſhould be paid down immediately into the hands of the Chairman, the amount of which the landlord might be made acquainted with, ſo that before the ſame was expended within a few ſhillings, the bill ſhould be produced and paid, and the extra money laid in ſight on the table; this at once would be an intimation to the company for departure, and the Chairman's leaving his Chair: for it ſhould be an invariable rule upon every freſh reckoning to chooſe a new Chairman, for how can he ſit in office without a ſtock to ſupport him?—for want of this rule not being conſtantly followed, I have known frequently the more cunning folks depart and leave a few behind waiting for the bill to pay the reckoning, which when it came, was very heavy, and cauſed much diſcontent both then, and the repentant next day.

Lord Cheſterfield who was the patron of good manners, adviſes attention as a requiſite article in every company; therefore during the performance of a ſong keep the ſtricteſt ſilence; depart not from the room, and only join in the ſecond repetition of the chorus, for if you do, it will appear as a mark of diſreſpect or want ot good behaviour, whereby you will get rebuked, and fined from the Preſident.

Having thus given a few general rules as a foundation for an improvement in our ſocieties, I ſhall quit the ſubject, by inſerting the following Sentiments.

THE DIGINTARIES OF THE CHURCH.

The Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, Primate of all England.
The Lord Archbiſhop of York, Primate of England.
The Lord Biſhop of London.
Durham.
Wincheſter.
Bath and Wells.
Ely.
Worceſter.
Hereford.
Bangor.
Litchfield and Coventry.
St. Aſaph.
Landaff.
Oxford.
Lincoln.
Saliſbury.
Cheſter.
Rocheſter.
Glouceſter.
Carliſle.
Norwich.
Peterborough,
St. David's.
Exeter.
Briſtol.
Chicheſter.
Sodor and Man.

DIGNITARIES OF THE LAW.

The Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.
The Maſter of the Rolls.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The

The Lord Chief Juſtice of England.
——————— Common Pleas.
——————— Baron of the Exchequer.
The Judges of the King's Bench.
——————— Common Pleas.
The Barons of the Exchequer.
The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaſter.
The Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.
The Judge Advocate to the Fleet.
The Judge of the Cinque Ports.
——————— Iſle of Ely.
The Chief Juſtice for Cheſter Great Seſſions.
——————— Carmarthen Great Seſſions.
——————— Brecon Great Seſſions.
——————— Iſle of Angleſey G. Seſsions
The King's Attorney General.
——————— Solicitor General.
——————— Remembrancer.
——————— Advocate General.
——————— Ancient Serjeant.
——————— Advocate in the Office of Admiralty.
——————— Serjeants.
——————— Council.
——————— Proctor.
The Queen's Attorney General.
——————— Solicitor General.
The Prince of Wales's Attorney General.
——————— Solicitor General.
The Serjeants at Law.
The High Sheriff of——any County.
The Commiſsioners of Bankruptcy.
The Mayors, Juſtices, and Adminiſtrators of Juſtice.
The Members of the Britiſh Houſe of Commons.

JUSTICES OF THE POLICE.

Bow-Street.

Hatton

Hatton-Garden, Holborn.
Lambeth-Street, Whitechapel.
Great-Marlborough-Street.
High-Street, Shadwell.
Worſhip-Street, Shoreditch.
Union-Hall, Southwark.
Queen's Square, Weſtminſter.

PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF LONDON.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.
The Recorder.
The Aldermen of their reſpective Wards.

Bridge, (without)
Farringdon, (without)
Lime-Street.
Baſsiſhaw.
Vintry.
Broad-Street
Candlewick.
Wallbrook.
Cornhill.
Cheap.
Dowgate.
Queenhithe.
Tower.
Portſoken.
Farringdon, (within)
Coleman-Street.
Alderſgate.
Aldgate.
Biſhopſgate.
Bread-Street.
Cripplegate.
Langbourn.
Billingſgate.
Caſtle-Baynard.

MILITARY TOASTS.

To the Commander in Chief of the Britiſh Army.
To the Field Marſhals of the Britiſh Army.
To the Generals.
Lieutenant Generals.
Major Generals.
Colonels.
Lieutenant Colonels.
Majors.
Captains.
Captain-Lieutenants.
Lieutenants.
Enſigns and Cornets.
Adjutants.
Quarter-Maſters.
Surgeons.
Serjeants.
Corporals.
Privates.

To the Colonel, Officers, and Men of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.
To the Colonel, Officers, and Men, of the Corps of Royal Engineers.
To the Officers and Men of the Independant Companies of Invalids.
To the Adjutant-Generals of his Majeſty's Forces.
Quarter Maſter General.
Pay-Maſter General.
Judge Martial, and Advocate-General.
Phyſician-General of the Medical Board.
Barrack-Maſter General.
Secretary at War.
Colonel, Officers and Men of the Fencible Cavalry.

To the Colonel, Officers and Men of the Fencible Infantry.

Colonel, Officers and Men of the Militia.

Lord Lieutenants of the different Counties of England.

GARRISONS.

To the Governor, Officers and Men of Alderney.

Berwick.
Blackneſs Caſtle.
Calſhot.
Carliſle.
Chelſea Hoſpital.
Cheſter.
Dartmouth.
Dunbarton.
Edinburgh.
Graveſend and Tilbury.
Guernſey.
Hull.
Hurſt Caſtle.
Jerſey.
Fort George, near Inverneſs.
Fort Auguſtus.
Landguard Fort.
St. Maws.
Pendennis Caſtle.
Plymouth.
Portland Caſtle.
Portſmouth.
Scarborough.
Scilly Iſland.
Sheerneſs.
South-Sea Caſtle.
Stirling Caſtle.
Cliff Fort, near Tinmouth.

Upnor

Upnor Caſtle.
Iſle of Wight.
Fort William.
Windſor
Yarmouth.
Gibraltar.

To the Conſtable of the Tower of London.
Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

NAVAL TOASTS, &c.

To the Admiral of the Fleet.

Admirals of the White.
———— Blue.*

Vice-Admirals of the Red.
———— White.
———— Blue.

Rear-Admirals of the Red.
———— White.
———— Blue.

To the Admirals receiving Penſions for their ſervices.
Superannuated Rear Admirals, at 17s. 6d. a day.
Superannuated Captains, at 10s. a day
Captains receiving Penſions on account of their Wounds.
Commanders in the Britiſh Navy, and frugality to them, with their Half-pay of 6s. a day.
Lieutenants of the Britiſh Navy.
Midſhipmen, able and ordinary Seamen, in the Britiſh Navy.

---

* There are no Admirals of the Red.
Commodores are appointed on particular Occaſions.

To the Seven poor Naval Knights of Windſor, and contentment to them, with their 60l. a year.

Penſioned Lieutenants in the Britiſh Navy, with their 5s. a day.

Maſters in the Britiſh Navy, and may their Knowledge never fail them.

Phyſicians and Surgeons of the Britiſh Navy.

General Officers and Men of his Majeſty's Marine Forces.

Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty.

Judges of the Admiralty Court.

Treaſurer of the Navy.

Commiſſioners of the Navy.

——————— Victualling Office.

——————— Sick and hurt Seamen.

——————— for Greenwich Hoſpital.

Directors, Officers and Seamen of Greenwich Hoſpital.

Governor, Officers and Men of the Royal Hoſpital at Halſar, near Goſport.

Governor, Officers and Men of Plymouth Hoſpital.

Governor, Officers and Men of the Royal Hoſpital at Deal.

Preſident of the Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture.

Preſident of the Marine Society.

May our admirals act admirably.

The Commerce of Great Britain, and may it long continue.

Plenty of Cargo—Plenty of Wind—and Plenty of Sea room.

The Navy of Britain triumphant for ever.

THE

Everlaſting Songſter.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain—
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turn, to tyrants fall,
Muſt in, &c.
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blaſt, the blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy generous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
Thy cities, &c.
And thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Shall to, &c.
Bleſt iſle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

GOD ſave great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God ſave the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God ſave the King.

O Lord our God, ariſe,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.

Confou

Confound their politics,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks!
On him our hearts are fix'd,
O, ſave us all.

Thy choiceſt gifts in ſtore
On him be pleaſed to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cauſe,
To ſing with heart and voice,
God ſave the King!

THE ROYAL SAILOR.

THE foes of Old England, France, Holland, and Spain,
Made bold by indulgence, inſulted the main;
The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
And at England, Old England, their vengeance they hurl'd:
When Neptune aroſe from his wat'ry throne,
In coral clad ſuit he moſt beautiful ſhone;
He call'd for his Tritons, and bid them repair
To the court of Great George, for young William was there.
He's royal, he's noble and choſen by me,
This iſle to protect, and reign prince of the ſea.

O'erjoy'd at the meſſage, the youth rear'd his head,
I'll fight like a prince, were the words that he ſaid;
The cauſe of my country I'll boldly eſpouſe,
To the ſea I am wedded, and give her my vows:

With Rodney, with Digby, with Roſs I will go,
And die but I'll conquer each inſolent foe;
The Tritons reported the words that he ſaid,
And Spain heard the plaudit by Neptune then paid.
He's royal, he's noble, and choſen by me,
Briton's Iſle to protect, and reign prince of the ſea.

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage,
No more with blood-royal they dare to engage;
For he ſtood on the deck with his naked drawn ſword,
And by the bold Digby he paſſed the word:
Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with baſe fear,
When one noble ſhip was blown up in the air;
His courage gives rapture to each jolly tar,
Who look on Prince William their bulwark in war.
He's royal, he's noble, and choſen to be
The guard of this iſle, and the prince of the ſea.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME cheer up my lads! 'tis to glory we ſteer,
To add ſomething new to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not preſs you like ſlaves,
For who are ſo free as the ſons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ſhips, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, ſteady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er ſee our foes but we wiſh them to ſtay,
They never ſee us but they wiſh us away,
If they run, why we follow, and run them aſhore,
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more.

They

They ſwear they'll invade us—theſe terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, our children, and beaus,
But ſhould their flat bottoms in darkneſs get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them aſhore.

We'll make them run, and we'll ſtill make them
ſweat,
In ſpite of the devil, or Bruſſell's Gazette,
Then, cheer up, my lads! with one voice let us ſing
Our ſoldiers, our ſailors, our ſtateſmen and King!

THE MIDDLESEX FARMER.

AT night with the woodlark I reſt,
I riſe each morn with the ſame,
By the note of the nightingale how I am bleſt,
I laugh at the trumpet, the trumpet of fame.

My meals without riches are crown'd
Fair temperance comes in their ſtead,
At my table tho' plenty be found,
By virtue my footſteps are led.

From the top of my primroſe hill,
How many proud buildings I ſee,
Let the lords of 'em envy who will,
My eaſe and my cottage for me.

I labour, but leave when I pleaſe,
I ſtudy, but not to my hurt,
My life is a compound of eaſe,
Avoiding all courtiers at court.

Peace dwells in my roof that is low,
To give up to pride her fair room,
No envy, no hatred, no malice ſhall grow,
While love, truth, and eaſe are in bloom.

Of health, nor of ſtate do I dream,
So ſweet is my ſleep till I riſe,
Dick whiſtles to plough with his team,
And I to my herds with freſh joys.

I ſmile at my country's increaſe,
In commerce, religion, and laws,
My head and my heart, O my heart is for ſuch,
A Briton whom liberty, liberty warms.

See Britain's flag ſtreaming with ſilks,
Diſplay glory that we all may be free,
May liberty ne'er want a Wilkes,
Nor Wilkes ne'er want liberty.

THE GODDESS OF THE CHACE.

GIVE round the word, diſmount, diſmount,
While echo'd by the ſprightly horn,
The toils and pleaſures we recount,
Of this ſweet health inſpiring morn.

'Twas glorious ſport none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiſs, nor made a ſtand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Acteon been the ſtag,
And we had hunted by command,
Of the goddeſs of the chace.

The hounds were out, and ſnuff'd the air,
And ſcarce had reached the appointed ſhot,
But pleaſ'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And preſently drew on the ſpot.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain ſhe fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While ſprightly horns reſound the call.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

And now the ſtag has loſt his pace,
And while ware-haunch, the huntſman cries,
His boſom ſwells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he ſtruggles, and he dies.
'Twas glorious ſport, &c.

PLATO's ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why look, with inſolent diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate,
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty, die,
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction lie.

Go,

Go, ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train,
When ſhot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us my jovial ſouls;
Let friendſhip reign, while here we ſtay,
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer,
Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her,
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

THE

THE FAITHFUL SAILOR.

THE topſail ſhivers in the wind,
The ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea,
But yet my ſoul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee.
For tho' thy ſailor's bound afar,
Still love ſhall be his leading ſtar.

Shou'd landmen flatter when we're ſail'd,
O! doubt their artful tales!
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales.
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul,
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we find,
More fatal than rocks or waves,
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh fleet,
Are lovers and not ſlaves.
No foes can ever us ſubdue,
Altho' we leave our hearts with you.

Theſe are the cares, but if you're kind,
We'll ſcorn the raging main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
'Till we return again.
Now England's glory reſts with you,
Our ſails are full, ſweet girls, adieu.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman away;
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with ſpeed now they bound,
While health, roſy health, is in exerciſe found.
Hark away is the word, to the ſound of the horn,
And echo, blyth echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puſs flies the covert, and dogs quick purſue;
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide ſpreading plain,
While the loud op'ning pack purſue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length puſs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's, the ſignal for death,
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field,
To hunting all paſtimes and pleaſures muſt yield.
Hark away, &c.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main,
A competence of life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at laſt content and eaſe,
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

The

The wind blows hard and mountains roll,
And thunder ſhakes from pole to pole,
The dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flattering fancy wafts him home;
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favorite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt,—
May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.

THE STORM.

CEASE rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer,
Liſt ye landmen all to me,
Meſſmates hear a brother ſailor,
Sing the danger of the ſea:
From bounding billows, firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt-troubl'd ocean,
Where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

Hark, the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,
By topſail ſheets and hallyards ſtand,
Down top-gallants, quick be hauling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand boys, hand:
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces,
The topſail ſheets, now let go;
Luff boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-ſails nimbly clew.

Now

Now all you on down beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms:
Round us roars the tempeſt wider,
Think what fear our mind enthrals,
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain calls.

The topſail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe,
Let the foreſheets go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather ſhou'd be worſe:
Fore and aft the ſpritſail yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear,
Hands up, each preventer brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard, cheer lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending claſh,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky,
Different deaths at once ſurround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremaſt's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the cheſt-trees ſprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the landyard, cut to pieces,
Come my hearts be ſtout and bold,
Plumb the well, the leak increaſes,
Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn,
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below,
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
For only that can ſave us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
To the pump come every hand, boys,
See, our mizen maſt is gone.
The leak we've found, it can't pour faſter,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more,
Up and rig a jury foremaſt,
She rights, ſhe rights, boys, we're off ſhore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune ſav'd our lives;
Come the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it,
Cloſe to lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempeſt now, who feels it,
None, the danger's drown'd in wine.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.

THE duſky night rides down the ſky,
And uſhers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntſman winds his horn.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her huſband throws
Her arms to make him ſtay,
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day
But a hunting we will go, &c.

The uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life's at ſtake.
When a hunting we will go, &c.

Arouſ'd, e'en echo huntreſs turns,
And madly ſhouts for joy,
The ſportſman's breaſt enraptur'd burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Deſpairing mark he ſeeks the tide,
His art muſt now prevail,
Hark! ſhouts the miſcreant's death betide,
His ſpeed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting we will go, &c.

For lo! his ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
The hounds atteſt his fight;
Then hungry homewards we return
To feaſt away the night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at ambroſial feaſt
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry Momus among them was ſat as a gueſt;
Homer ſays the celeſtials lov'd laughing.

On

On each in the ſynod the humoriſt droll'd,
So none could his jokes diſapprove;
He ſang, reparteed, and ſome ſmart ſtories told,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove,
And at laſt thus began upon Jove.

" Sire Atlas who long has the univerſe bore,
" Grows grievouſly tired of late;
" He ſays that mankind are much worſe than before,
" So he begs to be eaſed of their weight."
Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball;
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

Miſs, pleaſ'd with the preſent, reviewed the globe round,
To ſee what each climate was worth;
Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmoſphere bound,
And ſhe variouſly planted the earth.
With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd;
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What ſuited each clime on each clime ſhe beſtow'd,
And FREEDOM ſhe found flouriſh'd HERE.

Four cardinal virtues ſhe left in this iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root:
The bloſſoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed and thus bred from a bounty ſo rare,
O preſerve it as free as 'twas given!
We will while we've breath,—nay we'll graſp it in death,
Then return it untainted to heav'n.

THE FOX-HUNTERS.

COME rouze brother ſportſmen the hunters all cry,
We've got a ſtrong ſcent, and a favoring ſky,
We've got a ſtrong ſcent, we've got a ſtrong ſcent,
We've got a ſtrong ſcent and a favoring ſky.

The horn's ſprightly notes, and the lark's early ſong,
Will chide the dull ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long,
Will chide, will chide the dull ſportſman for ſleeping
ſo long,
Will chide the dull ſporſman for ſleeping ſo long.

Bright Phœbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace;
He ſoon will be up, ſee the dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaſe you perhaps to lay down,
And if you refuſe her perhaps ſhe may frown;
But tell her, ſweet love muſt to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the
chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I ſpy,
At his bruſh briſkly follows briſk Chanter and Fly;
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye-balls they roll;
We're in at the death, now go home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glaſſes and toaſt to the king,
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring;
To George, peace and glory may heaven diſpenſe,
And fox-hunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

THE

THE ECHOING HORN.

THE echoing horn calls the ſportſman abroad,
To horſe, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox!
O'er hill, and o'er valley, he flies:
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies!
He dies, the traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies!
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies!

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like bacchanals, ſhouting and gay,
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day!

With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flowers.

THE WARWICKSHIRE LAD.

YE Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes,
See what at our jubilee paſſes,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad,
Warwickſhire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has laviſhed her bounty ;
Where much has been given and ſome to be ſpar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard ;
Warwickſhire bard,
Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards was a warwickſhire bard.

Our Shakeſpeare compar'd to is no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;
The ſwans are all geeſe to the Avon's ſweet ſwan,
And the man of all men was a Warwickſhire man ;
Avon's ſwan,
A Warwickſhire man,
But the man of all men was a Warwickſhire man.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in ;
Of famous Will Congreve we boaſt too the ſkill ;
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will ;
Warwickſhire Will,
Matchleſs ſtill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will.

As ven'ſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it our bard took delight in ;
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag ;
Warwickſhire wag
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag.

There never was ſure ſuch a creature,
Of all ſhe was worth he robb'd nature ;
He took all her ſmiles, and he took all her grief ;
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickſhire thief ;
A Warwickſhire thief,
He's the chief,
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickſhire thief.

HUNTING SONGS.

HARK! hark! the joy inſpiring morn,
Salute the rozy riſing morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills reſound,
The hounds quick-ſcented ſcour the ground,
And ſnuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The briſk high-mettled ſtarting ſteed,
The jovial pack purſue;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The diſtant hill with ſpeed he gains,
And ſees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forſakes,
And to the copſe for ſhelter makes,
There pants awhile for breath;
When now the noiſe alarms her ear,
Her haunts deſcry, her fate is near,
She ſees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim ſeize,
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies;
The diſtant courſers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
'Till echo rends the ſkies.

HARK! away! 'tis the merry ton'd horn,
Calls the hunters all up in the morn,
To the hills and the woodlands we ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

And all the day long,
This, this is our ſong;
Still hallowing,
And following,
So frolic and free:
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are ſo happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,
While the hills they all echo, hillo!
With a bounce from his cover he flies,
Then our ſhouts ſhall reſound to the ſkies,
And all the day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the health breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel?
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
Then we will go halloing home,
With hallo, hallo, and huzza,
Reſolving to meet the next day,
And all the day long, &c.

DO you hear, brother ſportſman, the ſound of the Horn,
And yet the ſweet pleaſure decline ;
For ſhame, rouſe your ſenſes, and ere it is morn,
With me the ſweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies ;
While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges ſhall fly,
And chace the ſwift hare till he dies.

Then ſaddle your ſteed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair ;
No paſtime in life greater happineſs yields,
Then chaſing the fox or the hare.

For ſuch comforts, my friend, on the ſportſman attend,
No pleaſure like hunting is found ;
For when it is o'er as briſk as before,
Next morning we ſpurn up the ground.

HARK ! the huntſman's begun to ſound the ſhrill horn,
Come quickly unkennel the hounds ;
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-eyed morn,
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See yonder ſits Reynard, ſo crafty and ſly,
Come ſaddle your courſers apace ;
The hounds have a ſcent, and are all in full cry,
They long to be giving him chace.

The

The huntſmen are mounted, the ſteed feels the ſpur,
And quickly they ſcour it along;
Rapid after the fox runs each muſical cur,
Follow, follow, my boys, is the ſong.

O'er mountains and valleys we ſkim it away,
Now Reynard's almoſt out of ſight;
But ſooner than looſe him we'll ſpend the whole day,
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager purſuing we'll have him at laſt,
He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;
Now ſtarts up afreſh, and young ſnap has him faſt,
He trembles, kicks, ſtruggles, and dies.

HOW ſweet in the woodland, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken ſhrill echo, and taſte the freſh morn,
But hard is the chace my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is loſt to my view.
Aſſiſt me chaſte Dian, the Nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck and wing'd with diſdain,
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies,
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, 'tis Myrtillo who dies.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat and ſit quiet!" ſtern Charon reply'd,
"You may have forgot, you was drunk when you died."

ROAST

ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where ſad deſpair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, madam Granſire's cook,
As home he ſteer'd his carcaſe, that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd ſirloin,
On whom he oft had wiſh'd in vain to dine:
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With roſy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he firſt beheld the greaſy load,
His benediction on it he beſtow'd;
And as the ſolid fat his fingers preſſ'd,
He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight addreſſ'd.

Air,---A lovely laſs to a friar came, &c.

Oh rare roaſt beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I were doom'd to have thee,
When dreſſ'd and garniſh'd to my mind,
And ſwimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Should from my fury ſave thee.
Renown'd ſirloin, oft-times decreed,
The theme of Engliſh ballad;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate,
Then how much doth thy taſte exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs and ſallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half ſtarv'd ſoldier, ſhirtleſs, pale and lean,
Who ſuch a ſight before had never ſeen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping ſtood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the Britiſh food.

His

His morning meſs forſook the friendly bowl,
And in ſmall ſtreams along the pavement ſtole,
He heav'd a ſigh which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

Air,---Foote's Minuet.

Ah ! ſacre Dieu! vat do I ſee yonder,
Dat look look ſo tempting red and white ?
Begar it is de roaſt beef from Londre ;
Oh ! grant me von lettle bite.
But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compaſſion unto my pleading,
Return and let me feaſt my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow guard of right Hibernian clay,
Whoſe brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honeſt means to gain his daily bread,
Soon as the well-known proſpect he deſcry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cried:

Air,---Ellen a Roon.

Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
Sweet Beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
So taking thy ſight is,
My joy, that ſo light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah hard-hearted Loui !
Why did I come to you ?
The gallows, more kind, would have ſav'd me from ſtarving.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney ſate,
Who fed his noſe, and ſcratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when old England's bulwark he eſpy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aſide:
With lifted hand he bleſs'd his native place,
Then ſcrubb'd himſelf, and thus bewail'd his caſe.

Air,---The broom of Cowden Knows.

How hard, oh! Sawney is thy lot,
Who was ſo blythe of late,
To ſee ſuch meat as can't be got,
When hunger is ſo great!

O the beef! the bonny beef,
When roaſted nice and brown!
I wiſh I had a ſlice of thee,
How ſweet it would gang down!

Ah Charley! hadſt thou not been ſeen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I won'd the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
E'er I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But ſee my muſe to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty ſocially unite;
Where ſmiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known;
Tho' Britain's fame in loftier ſtrains ſhall ring,
In ruſtic fable give me leave to ſing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boaſted his ſize he could quickly attain.
O the roaſt beef of old England,
And O the old Engliſh roaſt beef.

When eagerly ſtretching his weak little frame,
Mama, who ſtood by like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "ſon to attempt it you're ſurely to blame,"
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirſt;
An effort he ventur'd more ſtrong than the firſt,
'Till ſwelling and ſtraining too hard made him burſt.
O the roaſt beef, &c

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is old England, the frog is Monſieur,
Whoſe puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
To ſee the ſirloin ſmoaking hot on the table,
The French may e'en burſt like the frog in the fable,
O the roaſt beef, &c.

ARISTIPPUS.

LET care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul.
Who, like Ariſtippus, his paſſions controul;
Of wiſeſt philoſophers, wiſeſt was he,
Who attentive to eaſe let his mind ſtill be free.
The Prince, Peer, or Peaſant, to him was the ſame,
For pleas'd, he was pleaſing to all where he came;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;

He

He found fault with none, if none found fault with him,
If his friend had a humour—he humour'd his whim,
If wine was the word—why, he bumper'd his glaſs,
If love was the topic—he toaſted his laſs;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils diſputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither, for this was his creed,
Then let them be guided by folly or ſenſe
'Twould be ſemper eadem a hundred years hence;
He thought 'twas unſocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him—with the tide too he went,
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war—he wiſh'd well to the ſword,
If a peace was concluded—a peace was his word;
Diſquiet to him, or of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find;
The philoſopher's ſtone was but gravel and pain,
And all who had ſought it, had ſought it in vain;
He ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Ariſtippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both aſſes and mules;
Let thoſe not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their ſect be drove out of their hive;
Expelled from the manſion of quiet and eaſe,
May they never find out the bleſs'd art how to pleaſe;
And our friends, and ourſelves, not forgetting our wives,
By theſe maxims may live all the days of our lives.

TINKERING TOM.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' ſtreets his trade did cry,
He ſaw his Sylvia paſſing by;
In duſt-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waiſt;
Tom with uplifted hands th' occaſion bleſt
And thus, in ſoothing ſtrains, th' maid addreſt.

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up duſt, you ſteal our hearts;
You take up duſt, and ſteal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the duſt with you:
Ah! lovely Sylvia, eaſe me of my pain;
Give me my heart, you ſtole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you ſtole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her ſparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her ſwelling breaſt, as black as ſloe,
And look'd diſdain'd on little folks below:
To Tom ſhe nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, reſolv'd to ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, ſtop John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the reſt,
Be by a paltry croud oppreſt?

Ambition

Ambition now my ſoul does fire;
The youths ſhall languiſh and admire,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart;
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my duſt-cart.

THE FIELDS WERE GREEN.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were ſinging on each ſpray,
When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love:
Was ever ſwain ſo blythe as he
So kind, ſo faithful, and ſo free,
In ſpite of all my friends could ſay
Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He ſweetly joins the wood-lark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blythe as Colin ſeen:
If he's but by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care;
Then ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpriz'd I quit my home;
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love:
Full well I know the gen'rous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain;
Then ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
Why let 'em ſcold and bellow,
For while I live, I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.

The laſt fair day on Gander green,
The youth, he danc'd ſo well-o
So ſweet a lad was never ſeen,
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was ſomewhat mellow;
Says he my dear, I'll ſee you home—
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright,
Says he, if you'll not tell o,
I'll kiſs you here by this good light—
Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell o,
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death,
With ſuch a charming fellow.

ERE ROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE round the huge oak, that o'erſhadows my mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the Church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built her neſt in the pine,

Could

Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in yon field;
For the farm I now hold on your honour's eſtate,
Is the ſame that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his ſon a good name,
which unſully'd deſcended to me;
For my child I've preſerv'd it, uncrimſon'd with
ſhame,
And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall be free.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

TO Anacreon in heav'n, where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of harmony ſent a petition,
That he their inſpirer and patron would be,
When this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian,
"Voice, fiddle and flute,
"No longer be mute,
"I'll lend you my name, and inſpire you to boot,
"And beſides I'll inſtruct you with mirth to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs,
"If theſe mortals are ſuffered their ſcheme to purſue,
"The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs,
"Hark! already they cry,
"In tranſports of joy,
"Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly;
"And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine
"The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

"The

" The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fuſty maids,
" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,
" Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,
" And the biforked hill a mere deſart will be.
" My thunder no fear on't,
" Will ſoon do it's errand,
" And damme, I'll ſwinge the ringleaders I warrant;
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo roſe up, and ſaid " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
" Good king of the gods, with your vot'ries below,
" Your thunder is uſeleſs:" Then ſhowing his laurel,
Cry'd, " Sic evitabile fulmen, you know;
" Then over each head,
" My laurel I'll ſpread,
" So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall
" dread;
" While ſnug in their club room they jovially twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join,
" The full tide of harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
" But the ſong, and the catch, and the laugh ſhall
" be mine.
" Then Jove be not jealous
" Of theſe honeſt fellows."
Cry'd Jove, " We relent, ſince the truth you now tell
" us,
" And ſwear by old Styx that they long ſhall entwine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye ſons of Anacreon then join hand-in-hand,
Preſerve unanimity, friendſhip, and love;

'Tis

'Tis your's to ſupport what's ſo happily plann'd;
You've the ſanction of gods and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
Our toaſt let it be,
May our club flouriſh happy, united, and free;
And long may the ſons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and tho' it's not common
Yet, if he ſaid true, he was born of a woman;
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old!

Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for ſome meat,
And if he could get it, 'tis ſaid he would eat;
When thirſty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor, moſt commonly ran down his throat.

He ſeldom or ever could ſee without light,
And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night;
He has often been awake in the day time, 'tis ſaid,
And has fallen aſleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he ſtirr'd both his arms and his legs when he walk'd,
And his gait was ſo odd, had you ſeen him you'd burſt,
For one leg or t'other would always be firſt.

His face was the oddeſt that ever was ſeen,
For if 'twas not waſh'd, it was ſeldom quite clean;

He

He ſhew'd moſt his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth ſtood acroſs 'twixt his noſe and his chin.

Among other ſtrange things that befel this good yeoman,
He was married poor ſoul, and his wife was a woman;
And unleſs by that liar, Miſs Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At laſt he fell ſick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks ſay, he was not very well;
But what was more ſtrange, in ſo weak a condition
As he could not give fees, he could get no phyſician.

What pity! he died; yet, 'tis ſaid that his death
Was occaſioned at laſt by a ſtoppage of breath;
But peace to his bones that in aſhes now mould'er!
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Suſan came on board;
O! where ſhall I my true love find;
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The cords fly ſwiftly thro' his glowing hand,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So

So the ſweet lark, high poiſ'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt;
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me wipe off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee ſailors when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thine eyes are ſeen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale;
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return:
Love turns away the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;

No

No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board,
They kiſſ'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head;
Her leſſ'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! ſhe cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

GOOD MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find ſleep how very ſweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I poſt away,
To have with you a bit of play.
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

Laſt night a little bowſy,
With whiſkey, ale, and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me ſit beſide her.
Her anger roſe,
And ſour as ſloes,
The little gipſey cock'd her noſe.
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap.

" Beneath the honey-ſuckle,
" The daiſy and the violet
" Compoſe ſo ſweet a truckle,
" They'll tempt you ſure to ſpoil it.

" Sweet

" Sweet Sal and Bell
" I've pleaf'd ſo well——
" But hold, I muſt not kiſs and tell.
" So here I've rid,
" Along, to bid
" Good morrow to your night-cap."

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care, I prythee begone from me,
Begone, dull care, thou and I ſhall ne'er agree;
For long time thou haſt been tarrying here, and fain
thou would'ſt me kill,
But I faith dull care, you never ſhall have your will.

Too much care will turn a young man grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay;
Then my wife ſhall dance and I will ſing, ſo merrily
paſs the day;
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt things, to drive dull
care away.

GANG DOWN THE BURN.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
And flowers were fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye,
Love laugh'd;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye:

Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move,
To ſpeak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn my gentle love,
I'll follow,
Gang down the burn my gentle love,
And ſoon I'll follow thee.

Now Jockey did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was a bonny laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were roſy red and white,
Her eyes were azure blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nothing ſure unmeet;
For ganging home, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a walk ſo ſweet:
His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, ſweet love, be true;
And when a wife as now a maid,
To death I'll follow you.

OLD TOWLER.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And ſpangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn
The lark ſprings from the corn:
Dogs, huntſmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry;

Ariſe

Ariſe the burthen of the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.
With a hey ho, chivey!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Ariſe the burthen of the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail:
The huntſman blows a jovial ſound,
The dogs ſnuff up the gale.
The upland wilds they ſweep along,
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly,
The game is rouz'd, too true the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die.
With a hey ho, &c.

Poor ſtag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace.
Alike the ſportſman of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn purſue.
With their hey ho, &c.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again.

Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I ſang acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the queen of love,
When Clora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I preſs'd her ſtay
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, ſhe fled away,
Nor could my ſighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made
Came pity to my breaſt;
And thus I as compaſſion bade,
The feather'd pair addreſs'd:
Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myſelf ſo free,
Am far more caught than you.

THE BIRD, THAT HEARS HER NESTLINGS CRY.

THE bird, that hears her neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the ſky
To nurſe the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thouſand harms,
And ſickens for the darling boy,
When abſent from her arms.

Such

Such fondneſs with impatience join'd,
My faithful boſom fires,
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my deſires.
The powers of verſe too languid prove,
All ſimiles are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The ſaint with fervent zeal inſpired
For heav'n and joy divine,
The ſaint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine.
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more;
Convey my lodgings to the fair,
The Goddeſs I adore.

WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile vallies glide:

Though, in ſearch of ſoft repoſe,
Through the land it's free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for it's native home.

Though, in ſearch of ſoft repoſe,
Through the land it's free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for it's native home.

THE STAG HUNT.

THE ſweet roſy morning peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning the meadows and fields;
The merry merry merry merry horn, calls come
come come away,
Awake from your ſlumber and hail the new day.

The ſtag rouſ'd before us away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;
Then follow follow follow the muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigour with health you embrace.

The day's ſport when over makes blood circle right,
And gives the briſk lover freſh charms for the night:
Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night as our ſports crown the day.

WHEN THE TREES ARE ALL BARE.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound by the froſt.

While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow,
And the innocent flock run for eaſe to the fold,
With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And they ſend forth their breath like a ſteam;
And the neat looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Flakes of ice that ſhe finds on the cream.

When

When the ſweet country maiden as freſh as a roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips often ſlides,
And the ruſtics laugh loud, if by falling ſhe ſhews
All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the lads and the laſſes for company join'd,
In a croud round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride in the wind,
And of ghoſts till they're all in a ſweat.

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot.
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire.

Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from ſurpriſe,
We may live and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other can cure.

I MADE LOVE TO KATE.

I Made love to Kate, long I ſigh'd for ſhe,
'Till I heard of late, ſhe'd a mind for me:
I met her on the green, in her beſt array,
So pretty ſhe did ſeem, ſhe ſtole my heart away;
Oh then we kiſs'd and preſs'd, were we much to blame
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

As I fonder grew, ſhe began to prate,
Quoth ſhe, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd, and ſwore I lov'd her more than ſo,
For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to and fro;
Again we kiſs'd and preſs'd, were we much to blame?
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

Then

Then ſhe laugh'd, and ſaid, ſhe was wond'rous ſick,
Dicky Katy led, Katy ſhe led Dick;
Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak,
Katy loſt the game, tho' ſhe play'd the joke;
For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the ſame.

THE COBLER.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy
If at night he cou'd purchaſe a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet,
Saying juſt to a hair I've made both ends meet.
Derry down, &c.

But love the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thro' the heart,
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe every day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way.
Derry down, &c.

He

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a jew or a turk:
Whene'er he ſpoke, ſhe wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the ſole:
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

AS YOU MEAN TO SET SAIL FOR THE LAND OF DELIGHT.

AS you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's ſoft hammock to ſwing ev'ry night,
If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhould prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabin with love.

Let your heart, like the mainmaſt, be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt like our tackle be tight;
Of the ſhoals of indifference be ſure to keep clear,
And the quickſands of jealouſy never come near.

If huſbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They muſt reckon themſelves, give the helm to their wives,
For the evener we go, boys, the better we ſail,
And on ſhipboard the helm is ſtill rul'd by the tail.

Then liſt to your pilot, my boy, and be wiſe;
If my precepts you ſcorn, and my maxims deſpiſe,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double cape horn.

SINCE

SINCE YOU MEAN TO HIRE FOR SERVICE.

SINCE you mean to hire for ſervice,
Come with me you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harveſt,
Tend the ſheep and feed the hog.

With three crowns your ſtanding wages,
You ſhall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, ſalt beef, cabbages,
Butter milk, and oaten bread,

Come, ſtrike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all dance to your hum-ſtrum.

HE COMES, HE COMES.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
From port to port, let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the Britiſh ſhore.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare;
Loudly rend the echoing air:
From pole to pole your joys reſound,
For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

CANTATA

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE whiſtling ploughman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic note,
Loud ſings the blackbird thro' reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

AIR.

Away, to your copſe lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he ſhews us ſome play,
See, yonder he ſkulks thro' the grounds
Then ſpur your briſk courſers, and ſmoke 'em my bloods,
'Tis a delicate ſcent-lying morn;
What conſort is equal to thoſe of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth ſee he tries at in vain,
In covert no ſafety can find;
So he breaks it, and ſcours amain,
And leaves us at diſtance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazards and dangers we ſcorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow untill that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he ſcarce creeps thro' the dale,
See his bruſh, how it drops!——ſee his tongue!—
His ſpeed can no longer avail;
Who of late was ſo cunning and ſtrong——
From our ſtaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,
See they tear him—bemir'd—forlorn——
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

HOW

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

HOW ſtands the glaſs around?
For ſhame you take no care, my boys;
How ſtands the glaſs around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets ſound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why ſoldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Why ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe bus'neſs 'tis to die?
What ſighing, fie!
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain!
Should the next campaign
Send us to him that made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

BLOW

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempeſts tear
The main-maſt by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well-ſtor'd,
Shall brave all danger, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea,
In hopes on ſhore,
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, whilſt mountains high we go,
The whiſtling winds that ſcud along,
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be
To think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong,
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip, renew,
And drink their ſweethearts and their wives;
I'll heave a ſigh, and think on thee,
And as the ſhip rolls on the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be,
Blow high, blow low, &c.

'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring
All on a rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She caſt a wiſhful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why did'ſt thou vent'rous lover,
Why did'ſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou rolling ocean,
And let my lover reſt!
Ah! what's thy troubled motion;
To that within my breaſt;

The merchant, robb'd of pleaſure,
Views tempeſts with deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure?
To the loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes thoſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep;
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with her tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head—and died.

TOBY PHILPOT.

DEAR Sir, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to ſweet Kate of the vale,
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirſty old ſoul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl:
In boozing about, 'twas his praiſe to excel,
And amongſt jolly topers he bore off the belle.

It chanc'd as in dog days, he ſat at his eaſe,
In his flow'r woven arbor, as gay as you pleaſe;
With his friend and his pipe, whiffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo, ſat ſoaking his clay:
His breath-doors of life, on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he died full as big as a Dorcheſter butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had diſſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of old Toby he form'd the brown jug.
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely ſweet Kate of the vale.

THE WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman
Who at Black friars bridge uſed for to ply ?
He feather'd his oars with ſuch ſkill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye :
He look'd ſo neat and row'd ſo ſteadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat ſo readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with ſo charming an air
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What ſights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry
'Twas clean'd out ſo nice and ſo painted withal !
He was always firſt oars, when the fine city ladies,
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom their jibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
As this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to ſee how ſtrangely things happen,
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He ply'd by a damſel ſo lovely and charming,
That ſhe ſmil'd and ſo ſtraitway in love he did fall.
And would this young damſel but baniſh his ſorrow,
He'd wed her to night before it was morrow :
And how ſhould this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd and never in want of a fare ?

THE VENUS OF TOTTERDOWN HILL.

AT Totterdown Hill there liv'd a old pair,
And 't may be they dwell there ſtill,
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their lot,
They kept a ſmall farm and a mill;
But fully contented with what they did get,
They knew not of guile nor of arts;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And ſhe was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown were her locks, her ſhape it was ſtrait,
Her eyes were as black as a ſloe;
Her teeth were milk white, full ſmart was her gait,
And ſleek was her ſkin as a doe;
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour
No bit of true blue could be ſpy'd,
A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
Its mam it had loſt, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe ſhe hugg'd cloſe to her breaſt;
She chaf'd him all over, he ſmil'd as he lay,
She kiſſ'd him and lull'd him to reſt;
But who do you think ſhe had got for her prize,
Why love, the ſly maſter of arts;
No ſooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am love, but yet be not afraid,
Tho' all I make ſhake at my will,
So good, and ſo kind, have you been, my fair maid,
No harm ſhall you feel from my ſkill;
My mother ne'er dealt with ſuch fondneſs by me,
A friend you ſhall find in me ſtill,
Take my quiver and ſhoot, be greater than ſhe,
The Venus of Totterdown hill.

THE BUSY CREW.

THE buſy crew their ſails unbending,
The ſhip in harbour ſafe arriv'd,
Jack Oakham all his perils ending,
Had made the ſpot where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long quarter'd ſhoes, check ſhirt, blue jacket,
With trouſers like the driven ſnow.

His honeſt heart with pleaſure glowing,
He flew like lightning to the ſide,
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he eſpy'd.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd
From her neat hat made of ſtraw,
Red was her cheek when firſt ſhe utter'd,
It was her ſailor that ſhe ſaw.

And now the gazing crew ſurround her,
While ſecure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

THE CHACE IN FULL CRY.

YE ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too
Who delight in the joy of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield.
His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace,
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will riſe at the firſt of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full ſpeed;
The patriot is thrown in purſuit of his game,
The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegaſus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearleſs o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep,
Tho' prudes on our paſtime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus, public or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhew,
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the ſign of the Horſe, old Spintext of courſe,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleaſant and happy,
Was plac'd the canonical ſot:
The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and ſubmiſſion,
Firſt ſtrok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing preferred his petition.

I'm come, ſir, ſays he, to beg, look d'ye ſee,
Of your reverend worſhip and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much ſpeed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.
The body we'll bury, but where's the hurry?
Why, Lord, Sir, the corpſe it does ſtay,
You fool hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away.

Then Moſes he ſmil'd, crying, ſir, a ſmall child,
Cannot longer delay our intentions,
And I ſwear by St. Paul, a child that is ſmall
Can never enlarge its dimenſions.
Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome, d'ye hear,
For I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
Come Moſes,—the King,—'tis a ſcandalous thing,
Such a ſubject ſhould be but a vicar.

Then Moſes he ſpoke, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
Beſides there's a terrible ſhower,
Why Moſes you elf, ſince the clock has ſtruck twelve,
I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more;

Beſides,

Beſides, my dear friend, to this leſſon attend,
Which to ſay and to ſwear, I'll be bold,
That the corps, ſnow or rain, can't endanger 'tis plain,
Tho' perhaps you and I may catch cold.

Then Moſes went on, ſir, the clock has ſtruck one,
Pray, maſter, look up at the hand,
Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
A man for to go that can't ſtand.
At length hat and cloak Old Orthodox took,
But firſt cram'd his jaws with a quid,
Each tipt off his gill, for fear they ſhould chill,
Then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a ſtave,
While the ſurplice was hung round the prieſt,
So droll was the figure of Moſes and Vicar,
That the pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.
Good people let's pray,—put the corps t'other way,
Or perchance I ſhall over it ſtumble,
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the ſages declare,
A Mortuum Caput can't tumble.

Woman that's born of man—that's wrong, the leaf's torn,
O man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r
You ſee, Moſes, death ſpareth no man.
Here Moſes do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down,
Such a ſcandalous print, ſure the devil's in't,
That this Baſkett ſhould print for the crown.

Prithee

Prithee Moſes you read, for I can't proceed,
And bury the corps in my ſtead,
Amen! Amen!
Why Moſes you're wrong, pray hold ſtill your tongue,
You've taken the tale for the head;
O where's thy ſting, death? put the corpſe in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terr'ble weather,
So the corpſe was interr'd, without ſaying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together.

JACKEY BULL.

IN Jackey Bull, when bound for France,
The goſling you diſcover;
But taught to ride, to fence, and prance,
A finiſh'd gooſe comes over.

With his tierce and carte, ſa, ſa,
And his cotillon ſo ſmart, ha, ha,
He charms each female heart, oh! la!
As Jackey returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs ſee 'ſquire at home,
The prince of country tonies,
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our 'ſquire a nice adonis.

With his tierce and carte, ſa! ſa!
And his cotillon ſo ſmart, ha! ha!
He charms the female heart, oh la!
The pink of macaronies.

COME

COME MY JOLLY LADS.

COME my jolly lads, the wind's abaft,
Briſk gales our ſails ſhall crowd,
Come buſtle, buſtle, buſtle, boys,
Haul the boat, the boatſwain pipes aloud.
The ſhip's unmoor'd,
All hands on board,
The riſing gale
Fills every ſail,
The ſhip's well mann'd and ſtor'd.

Then ſling the flowing bowl,
Fond hopes ariſe,
The girls we prize,
Shall bleſs each jovial ſoul:
The can boys bring,
We'll drink and ſing,
Whilſt foaming billows roar.

Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our right maintain,
Then bear a hand, be ſteady, boys,
Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again:
From ſhore to ſhore,
While cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhew
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.

SWEET

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
When forc'd from her to go,
Adown her cheek rain'd many a tear—
My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood,
The land we left behind—
Her tears then ſwell'd the briny flood—
My ſighs increaſ'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.

That time I ſail'd the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſs'd as we were homeward bound—
I thought my heart would break.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain
To let me once on ſhore—
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away?
And is he gone? ſhe cried:
My Polly, ſweeteſt flow'r of May—
She languiſh'd, droop'd, and died.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

TO my muſe give attention, and deem it not a myſtery,
If we jumble together, muſic, poetry, and hiſtory,
The times to diſplay, in the days of Queen Beſs, Sir,
Whoſe name and whoſe memory poſterity may bleſs, Sir,
Oh the golden days of good Queen Beſs, Sir!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Beſs, Sir!

Then we laught at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their bluſtering bravadoes,
For well we knew how to manage the muſket and the bow, Sir,
And could bring down a Spaniard juſt as eaſy as a crow, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our churchmen were zealous, and our laſſes truly virtuous, Sir,
And maidenheads were plenty to the honorable purchaſers:
Divorces were ſeldom, as the Engliſh annals tell, Sir,
And people were content for they never once rebell'd, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ſtreets were unpav'd, and our houſes were thatch'd, Sir,
Our windows were latticed, our doors were only latch'd, Sir,

Yet ſo few were the folks that would plunder and rob, Sir,
That the hangman was ſtarving for want of a job, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs tied round about their necks faſt,
Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-ſteaks for their breakfaſt,
With a cloſe quill'd-up cap their noddles juſt did fit, Sir,
And they truſs'd up as tight as a rabbit for the ſpit, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worſted hoſe, Sir,
With a pair of huge whiſkers was the dreſs of our beaux, Sir,
Strong beer they prefer'd too, to claret or hock, Sir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, Sir,
And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, Sir,
While merry went the mill-clack, the ſhuttle and the plough, Sir,
And honeſt men could live by the ſweat of their brow, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry ſunday went twice at leaſt to church, Sir,
And never left the parſon or the ſermon in the lurch, Sir,

For

For they judged that the ſabbath was for people to be good in, Sir,
And they thought it ſabbath-breaking, if they din'd without a pudding, Sir.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the ſtate, Sir;
For the Sov'reign and the ſubject one intereſt ſupported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.
Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, Sir,
Bright examples of glory to thoſe who ſurvive, Sir,
May we, their deſcendants, purſue the ſame ways, Sir,
That King George like Queen Beſs, may have his golden days, Sir;
And may a longer reign of glory and ſucceſs, Sir,
Make his name eclipſe the fame of our good Queen Beſs, Sir.
Oh the golden days of good Queen Beſs, Sir!
Merry be the name of good Queen Beſs, Sir!

OH GREEDY MIDAS.

OH greedy Midas I've been told,
That what you touch turns all to gold!
O! had I but a pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling ſtream ſhould feel my force,
Each fiſh my fatal power mourn,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor ſhould there any dare t'approach,
Unto my mantling ſparkling wine,
But firſt ſhould pay their rites to me,
And ſtile me god of wine.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond hill there lives a laſs,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whoſe charms all other maids ſurpaſs,
A roſe without a thorn.

This laſs ſo neat, with ſmiles ſo ſweet,
Has won my right good will!
I'd crowns reſign to call her mine,
Sweet laſs of Richmond hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whiſper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

How happy will the ſhepherd be,
Who calls this nymph her own;
O may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This laſs ſo neat, &c.

HERE's

HERE's TO THE MAIDEN.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none, sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And to her that has only but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsey, or let her be thin,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

THE CAN OF GROG.

WHEN up the ſhrouds the ſailor goes,
And ventures on the yard,
The landſman who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard:
Bold Jack with ſmiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters he'll repair,
Now ſinking in the diſmal flood,
Now quiv'ring in the air:
Bold Jack with ſmiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When waves 'gainſt rocks and quickſands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Tho' he's on Greenland's icy ſhore,
Or burning beneath the line:
Bold Jack with ſmiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor heaves the log,
Trims all the ſails, belays the ſheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When ſailing orders do arrive,
Bold Jack he takes his leave,
My dear, my ſweeteſt Poll, he cries,
I pray now do not grieve:
Thy Jack will daily take his can
Of grog, and drink to thee,
In hopes that thou wilt ne'er forget
Thy ſailor who's at ſea.

But ſhould thou falſe or fickle prove
To Jack, who loves thee dear,
No more upon my native ſhore,
With joy can I appear:
But reſtleſs as the briny main,
Muſt heartleſs heave the log,
Slow trim the ſails and try to drown,
My grief in cans of grog.

OLD ENGLAND.

HAIL England! old England, for glory renown'd,
In arms, as in arts tranſcendently crown'd!
'Tis this, ſtrict to honour, no treaties to break,
'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at ſtake,
Then riſe, O ye brave! draw the ſword, point the lance,
And bid the bold cannon roll thunder on France.

Hark! truth ſpeaks already, our heroes prevail,
The rouz'd Engliſh lion makes Gallia turn pale!
Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree,
Succeſs now dawns on us by land and by ſea,
And wide o'er the main ſhall the Britiſh flag fly,
To force that ſubmiſſion which pride would deny.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to ſee—
My ſons, fight, ſhe cries, 'tis for freedom and me:
Tho' Gallia's ambition alliance explore,
You'll conquer them now whom you've conquer'd before.
And triumph theſe truths to all nations ſhall ſing,
The ocean is George's, and George is our King.

THE DAIRY MAID.

MY maid Mary, ſhe minds her dairy,
While I go a hoeing and mowing each morn,
Merrily runs the reel, and the little ſpinning wheel,
While I am ſinging among the corn,
Cream and kiſſes are my delight,
And that ſhe affords me with joy at night,
She's as freſh as the air in the morning ſo fair,
There's none like my love to give ſweet delight.

I riſe in the morning when day is juſt dawning,
The dairy maid ſhe is a milking her cow,
While the birds are a ſinging, the flowers are ſpringing,
To make a ſweet ſyllabub ſhe knows how.
The dairy maid ſhe is the theme of my ſong,
So merrily we paſs the day along,
While the cock is a crowing, the cows are lowing,
And primroſes grow all round the farm.

While I whiſtle ſhe trims the thiſtle,
To get her ſoft down to make her a bed,
There my love ſhall lay all the long night and day,
In the kind arms of her own dear love.
There ſhall ſhe taſte of a delicate ſpring,
I dare not to tell you nor name the thing,
It will ſet you a wiſhing, a wiſhing and thinking,
For kiſſing brings ſighing when we ſhould ſing.

Banks of ruſhes, and tops of green buſhes,
Adorn our houſe tho' we are poor,
All the long ſummer day, I with my love will play,
None but my Polly I will adore.
Lambkins when they die,
Their fleece ſhall make blankets for Polly and I,
With garlands of roſes, and June blown poſies,
So ſweet my little love ſhall lie.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

O Sawney, why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy preſence could eaſe me,
When nathing could pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, untill thou return.

Tho' woods are now bonny, and mornings are clear;
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing,
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eyne or my ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sawney, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day;
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

THE WAY TO KEEP HER.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
You never can gueſs it aright;
I'll tell you the reaſon, ſhe knows not her own,
She changes ſo often e'er night:
'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimſies to follow,
His oracle would be a jeſt;
She'll frown when ſhe's kind,
She'll change with the wind,
And often abuſes the man that ſhe chuſes,
And him ſhe refuſes likes beſt.

To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way,
I'd have you give ear to my plan,
Be merry and chearful, good humour'd and gay,
And kiſs them as oft as you can;
For while you do theſe, you the ladies will pleaſe,
Their affections you're ſure for to gain;
Then be of their mind,
And quickly you'll find,
'Tis better than wrangling, contending and jangling,
For they'll love you and kiſs you again.

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME.

DEAR Nancy I've ſail'd the world all around,
And ſeven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each ſhilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over:
I've ſav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
Have borne in each clime the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty brunette:
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me.

Tho' others may boaſt of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill nature I'd ſcorn to repine,
Can they boaſt of a heart that is truer?
Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the ſeaſons both ſtormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me?

When order'd afar in purſuit of the foe,
I ſigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would perſuade me I might be laid low,
And, ah! never more ſee my Nancy:
But hope, like an angel, ſoon baniſh'd the thought,
And bade me ſuch nonſenſe forget:
I took the advice and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, can you love me.

FREE MASON'S SONG.

COME let us prepare,
We brothers that are,
Aſſembled on merry occaſion:
Let's drink, laugh and ſing,
Our wine has a ſpring;
Here's a health to an accepted maſon.

The world is in pain
Our ſecret to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſtery to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted maſon.

Still firm to our truſt,
In friendſhip we're juſt,
Our actions we guide by our reaſon:
By obſerving this rule,
The paſſions move cool
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

All

All idle debate
About church and ſtate,
The ſprings of impiety and treaſon;
Theſe raiſers of ſtrife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted maſon.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
Which adds high renown to our ſtation;
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted maſon.

The clergy embrace,
And all Aaron's race,
Our ſquare actions their knowledge to place on;
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted maſon.

We're true and ſincere
In our love to the fair
Who will truſt us on every occaſion:
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a good face on:
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a free and an accepted maſon?

I NEVER LOV'D ANY, DEAR MARY, BUT YOU.

YOU ſay, my dear girl, that I'm given to roam,
And ſport with each laſs on the green;
That I join in the dance and ſing ſonnets of love,
And ſtill with the faireſt I'm ſeen;
With my hey derry down, and my ho down derry,
Among the green meadows ſo blith and ſo merry;
With black, brown and fair I have frolick'd, 'tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my ſong,
My mind will ſtill wander to you;
Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong,
To you and you only they're due:
With my hey derry down, and my ho down derry,
Among the green meadows ſo blithe and ſo merry;
My ſongs are of pleaſure and beauty, 'tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

In my eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,
But, alas! tis the language of love;
My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,
Then learn it, all doubt to remove:
With my hey derry down, and my ho down derry,
Among the green meadows ſo blithe and ſo merry;
You'll ne'er find a heart more fond or more true,
For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

He had not been awa a week but only twa,
When my mither ſhe fell ſick, and the cow was ſtoun awa,
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the ſea,
And Auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.

My father coud na work, and my mither coud na ſpin,
I toil'd the day and night, but their bread I coud na win,
And Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ſhip it was a wreck,
The ſhip it was a wreck, why did a Jamie die?
And why do I live, to ſay waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither did na ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at the ſea,
And Auld Robin Grey is a gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When ſitting ſa mournfully at the door,
I ſaw my Jamie's waſte, for I coud na think it he,
'Till he ſaid I'm come back to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we ſay,
We took but ae kiſs, and tore ourſelves away:
I wiſh I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

I gang like a ghaiſt, and care na to ſpin;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a ſin;
Bnt I'll do my beſt a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

THE ſummer it was ſmiling, all nature round was gay,
When Jenny was attending on Auld Robin Grey,
For he was ſick at heart, and had nae friend beſide,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.
Ah! Jenny, I ſhall die he cried, as ſure as I had birth,
Then ſee my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the earth,
And be a widow for my ſake, a twelve month and a day,
And I will leave whate're belongs to Auld Robin Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I coud,
And ſhed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good,
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I ſigh'd,
Oh! wae is me! what ſhall I do! ſince poor Auld Robin died.
Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's nane like me forlorn,
I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born,
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away,
My father's dead, my mither's dead, and eke Auld Robin Grey!

I roſe up with the morning ſun, and ſpun till ſetting day,
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for Robin Grey,
I did the duty of a wife, both kind and conſtant to,
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny plan purſue;
I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was loſt,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was croſt;
I tried to ſing, I tried to laugh, and paſs the time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive, ſince died Auld Robin Grey.

At

At length the merry bells rung round, I could na
gueſs the cauſe,
But Rodney was the man, they ſaid, who gain'd ſo
much applauſe;
I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And ſhew'd a purſe of golden ore, and ſaid it is for thee.
Auld Robin Grey I find is dead, and ſtill your heart
is true,
Then take me Jenny to your arms, and I will be ſo too;
Meſs John ſhall join us at the kirk, we'll be blithe
and gay,
I bluſh'd, conſented, and replied, adieu to Robin Grey.

THE GHAIST OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.

'TWAS in the dead of night, ſoon after Jenny
wed,
And wi her faithful Jamie was ſleeping in her bed;
A hollow voice ſhe heard, which call'd her to awake,
And liſten to the words would be uttered for her ſake.

She ſtarted from her ſleep, her boſom beat wi fear,
When the ghaiſt of Robin Grey before her did appear;
It wav'd its ſhadowy hand, and thus to her did ſay,
Ah! Jenny, liſt awhile to your Auld Robin Grey.

I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove,
Or interrupt the joys you ſhare in conſtant Jamie's
love;
His honeſt heart deſerves whate'er he can receive,
Since he has fought ſo nobly, and would not you
deceive:

Still

Still let his courage riſe, his country's foes to quell,
To you he ſafe ſhall come again, the fates now bid me tell;
With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll diſplay,
If you will but believe the ghaiſt of Robin Grey.

And Jenny muſt ſubmit, your virtue is your guard,
For fortune has in ſtore for you a high and rich reward;
The haughty Dons ſubdu'd, with Holland and with France,
Your Jamie, with freſh laurels crown'd will to your wiſh advance:
Then let him haſte wi all his ſpeed to join the noble fleet,
Tho' danger does appear in view, no harm ſhall Jamie meet;
But joyful ſhall return again upon a future day,
As you may ſure believe the ghaiſt of Robin Grey.

BRITONS TO GLORY.

COME, ye lads who wiſh to ſhine
Bright in future ſtory,
Haſte to arms, and form the line
That leads to martial glory.
Charge the muſket, point the lance,
Brave the worſt of dangers;
Tell the bluſt'ring ſons of France,
That we to fear are ſtrangers.

Britain, when the lion's rouz'd,
And her flag is rearing,
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Charge the muſket, &c.

Hearts

Hearts of oak with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling ſhores of France,
And ſtrike the world with wonder.
Charge the muſket, &c.

Honour for the brave to ſhare
Is the nobleſt booty,
Guard your coaſts protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Charge the muſket, &c.

What, if Spain ſhould take their parts
And form a baſe alliance;
All unite, and Engliſh hearts
May bid the world defiance.
Beat the drum, the trumpet ſound,
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your country righted.

BRITAIN TRIUMPHANT.

COME cheer up my lads, let's together unite,
For our country, our king, and our altars to fight,
While our tars ſweep the ocean, our troops line the ſhore,
Let the frenchmen but face us, we'll aſk for no more.
Heart of oak, &c.

If we to ourſelves and each other prove true,
Theſe vot'ries of reaſon we ſoon ſhall ſubdue;
And the five-headed monſter may threaten in vain,
For Britannia will ever rule over the main.
Heart of oak, &c.

With religion to guide us with laws we revere,
With a Monarch we love, and a God whom we fear,
Shall the ſlaves of vile deſpots with freemen contend,
Who've ſuch bleſſings to fight for, ſuch rights to defend?
Heart of oak, &c.

Let them boaſt if they will of ſome vict'ries gain'd,
Of their murders committed, and plunder obtain'd,
'Twas by gold or by art, they theſe triumphs atchiev'd,
Help'd by traitors they paid, or by fools they deceiv'd.
Heart of oak, &c.

Then give to Old England a loud hearty cheer,
Here's a halter for thoſe who would welcome them here:
Let us join heart and hands, boys, and merrily ſing,
Rule, Britannia, for ever, and God ſave the King.
Heart of oak, &c.

THE HARE COURSE.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into the room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my groom;
Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
Who, lively and mettleſome, friſk'd o'er the grounds.
And we're all ſaddled, fleet, dapple and grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad ſound, hark, away!

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn,
And we all gallopp'd off to the ſound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the gooſe;
When all of a ſudden, out ſtarts miſtreſs Puſs.
Men, horſes, and dogs, not a moment would ſtay,
And echo was heard to cry, hark, hark away!

The

The courſe was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
'Till at laſt, ſhe to cover return'd out of breath;
Where I, and Will Whiſtle, were in at the death;
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away.

POOR JACK.

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs, d'ye ſee,
'Bout danger and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat, and good ſea room give me,
And it e'n't to a little I'll ſtrike;
Tho' the tempeſt top-gallant-maſt ſmack-ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood—
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and bowſe ev'ry thing tight,
And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud—
Avaſt! nor don't think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft,
To be taken with trifles aback,
For they ſay there's a Providence ſits up aloft—
To keep watch for the—life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About ſouls—heaven—mercy—and ſuch;
And my timbers, what lingo! he'd coil and belay!
Why 'twas juſt all as one as high Dutch:
But he ſaid how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow.

"For,"

For," ſays he, "d'ye mind me let ſtorms e'er ſo oft
Take the top-lifts of ſailors a-back,
There's a ſweet little cherub ſits perch'd up aloft
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.

I ſaid to our Poll (for you ſee ſhe would cry),
When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
"What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you muſt be!
Can't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old Davy I ſhould go, my dear Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more!
What then?—all's a hazard—come don't be ſo ſoft—
Perhaps I may laughing come back:
For, d'ye ſee, there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack."

D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ſhip,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip;
As to me in all weathers, all times, ſides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings—
My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life—'tis my King's!
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken aback—
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for—Poor Jack."

HERE

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a ſheer hulk lies Poor Tom Bowling,
The Darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manlieſt beauty,
His heart was kind and ſoft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd ſing ſo blythe and jolly—
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall Poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When he, who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
Tom's life has vainly doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A Plague of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink:
A cann of good ſtuff had they twigg'd it,
Would have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And 'ſpite of the rules
Of the ſchools, the old fools
Would have all of 'em ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cried, "Jack never be ſuch a ninny
To drink"—ſays I, "Father, your health."
So I paſſ'd round the ſtuff—ſoon he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk;
I tipt him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then

Then truſt me, there's nothing like drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en the valiant more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog;
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And, ſwore there was nothing like grog.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I Sing the Britiſh ſeaman's praiſe,
A theme renown'd in ſtory;
It well deſerves more poliſh'd lays,
Oh! 'tis your boaſt and glory;
When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace this nation's found,
Theſe bulwarks are neglected.
Then oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit;
Or when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.

When thickeſt darkneſs covers all
Far on the trackleſs ocean;
When lightning darts, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion;
When on the bark the white-topp'd waves,
With boiſt'rous ſweep are rolling,
Yet coolly ſtill the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidſt the howling.
Then oh! protect, &c.

When deep immerſ'd in ſulph'rous ſmoke,
He feels a glowing pleaſure;
He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,
Elated beyond meaſure:
Though fore and aft the blood-ſtain'd deck
Should lifeleſs trunks appear,
Or ſhould the veſſel float a wreck,
The ſailor knows no fear.
Then oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on Southern brine,
Where ſcorching beams aſſail him;
When all the canvas hangs ſupine,
And food and water fail him:
Then oft he dreams of Britain's ſhore,
Where plenty ſtill is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He ſighs—but ſcorns complaining.
Then oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coaſt,
Where death ſo oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's froſt,
True courage ſtill attends him:
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearleſs braves the ſtorms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then oh! protect, &c.

Why ſhould the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him moving 'long the piers,
Pale, meagre, and dejected:

Behold

Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him difregarded;
Then view the anguiſh in his eye,
And ſay, are tars rewarded?
Then oh! protect, &c.

To them your deareſt rights you owe;
In peace then would you ſtarve them?
What ſay ye, Britain's ſons—Oh! no;
Protect them and preſerve them:
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war ſhall come again,
Oh! Britons, you may rue it
Then oh! protect, &c.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE, the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,
What confuſion!—but hear!—I'll bet you,—done, done;
A thouſand ſtrange rumours reſound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, aſſail the tir'd air;
While with neck like a rainbow erecting his creſt,
Pamper'd, prancing, his head almoſt touching his breaſt;
Scarcely ſnuffing the air, he's ſo proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Next reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh,
Men, horſes and dogs, are hard at his bruſh;
O'er heath, hill, and moor, led by the ſly prey,
By ſcent or by view, cheats a long tedious day;

Alike bred for joy in the field or the courſe,
Always ſure to come thro' by ſome ſtaunch and fleet horſe;
And when fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, uſed up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd and wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that ſweep-ſtakes. his ſire won that race:
And what matches he'd won, to the oſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time by ſome hedg'd ale-houſe door,
Whilſt the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,
Worn down by diſeaſe, he bends to his fate;
From morning to evening, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand till the ſand of his hour-glaſs ſtands ſtill:
And now cold and lifeleſs, expoſed to view
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew;
Whilſt a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds,
The high-mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

PARODY ON THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

SEE the ball-room thick crowded, the dance is begun,
Hear, thro'the bright circle, what ſoft murmurs run;
A thouſand gay characters float in the maze,
Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze:

While

While with neck like a ſwan, and with high beating breaſt,
With waiſt nicely taper'd, and form'd to be preſſ'd;
Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolick and game,
The elegant fair one firſt challenges fame.

Now the Park's thickly throng'd, the high phaeton ſee,
The delicate hunter, gilt coach, vis a-vis;
Each grace and each charm, every party diſplays,
And faſhion peeps forth in a thouſand ſweet ways;
While alike fitly bred for the ball-room or courſe,
The phaeton to drive, or to curb the fleet horſe;
By this time fair virtue's an obſolete word,
And the elegant fair one is kept by a lord.

Grown ſtale, ſomewhat aged, unfit for my Lord,
Devoid of all paſſion, her appetite's cloy'd;
While beaux and box-ſwellers her pedigree trace,
Tell whoſe ſhe has been, from the groom to his grace;
And what ſtyle ſhe has liv'd in with pleaſure count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome bagnio door;
While with poverty ſunk, and diſeaſes weigh'd down,
The elegant fair one's a girl of the town.

At length from St James's to wapping ſhe ſtrays,
Her blood all polluted, her ſyſtem decays!
On ſtraw at ſome bunter's, ſhe gives up her breath,
Or in ſome filthy kennel's arreſted by death!
Who ſo lately each pomp and each gaiety knew,
Is now left a horrible ſight to the view;
Her relics a pitying crowd now behold,
And the elegant fair one to the ſurgeon is ſold.

THE

THE COBLER OF CASTLEBURY.

IT was in village near Caſtlebury,
A cobler and his wife did dwell,
And for a time no two ſo merry,
Their happineſs no tongue could tell:
But to this couple the neighbours tell us,
Did ſomething happen which cauſed ſtrife,
For going to a neigbouring alehouſe,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

Although he treated her ſo vilely,
What did his wife, poor creature do;
Kept ſnug and found a method ſlily,
To ring his heart quite through and through:
For Dick, the tapſter and his maſter,
Both perceiving of the ſtrife,
Were both in hopes by this diſaſter,
To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While all things went to wreck and ruin,
And all the furniture was ſold;
She ſeem'd to approve of what was doing,
And got from each a purſe of gold.
So now the cobler's cares are over,
He vows to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work not to be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

BE MERRY, AND HAPPY THRO' LIFE.

MY dog and my miſtreſs are both of a kind,
As fickle as fancy, inconſtant as wind;
My dog follows ev'ry ſtrange heel in the ſtreets,
And my miſtreſs as fond of each fellow ſhe meets.
Yet, in ſpite of her arts, I'll not make the leaſt ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

Go Miſs where ſhe will, and whenever ſhe pleaſe,
Her conduct ſhall ne'er my philoſophy teaze;
Her freedom ſhall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the ſame as another to me.
So, in ſpite of her airs, I'll not make the leaſt ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who ſtupidly pine
For falſe-hearted gipſeys they title divine;
At worſt of my love-fits no phyſic I aſk,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flaſk.
For go things how they will, I'll not make the leaſt ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good humour and ſenſe,
Shall ſtill to my heart have the warmeſt pretence;
And for thoſe who would jilt me, deceive, and betray,
In honeſter bumpers I'll waſh them away.
'Tis my final reſolve not to make the leaſt ſtrife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

THF MILLER'S SON AND NANCY.

ONE Midſummer morning, when nature look'd gay,
The birds full of ſong, and the flocks full of play;
When earth ſeem'd to anſwer the ſmiles from above,
And all things proclaim'd it the ſeaſon of love;
My mother cried, Nancy, come haſte to the mill;
If the corn be not ground, you may ſcold if you will.

The freedom to uſe my tongue pleaſ'd me, no doubt;
A woman, alas! would be nothing without:
I went tow'rds the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to ſay:
But when I came near it, I found it ſtock ſtill;
Bleſs my ſtars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I will.

The miller to market that inſtant was gone;
The work it was left to the care of his ſon:
Now, though I can ſcold well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to ſcold the young man:
I ſaid, I'm ſurpris'd you can uſe me ſo ill;
I muſt have my corn ground, I muſt, and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine;
No corn in the town I'd grind ſooner than thine:
There's no one more ready in pleaſing the fair;
The mill ſhall go merrily round, I declare.
But hark how the birds ſing, and ſee how they bill!
I muſt have a kiſs firſt, I muſt, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rds home bent my way;
He whiſper'd he'd ſomething of moment to ſay;
Inſiſted to hand me along the green mead,
And there ſwore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed!

And

And that he'd be conſtant, and true to me ſtill:
And ſince that time I've lik'd him, and like him I will.

I often ſay, mother, the miller I'll huff;
She laughs, and cries, go girl, ay, plague him enough;
And ſcarce a day paſſes but, by her deſire,
I get a ſly kiſs from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wiſhes, his wiſh I'll fulfil,
And I'll anſwer, O yes! with a hearty good will.

MY DOGS, AND MY GUN.

EVERY mortal ſome favorite pleaſure purſues,
Some to White's run for play, ſome to Batſon's for news;
To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applauſe,
And ſome triflers delight to hear Nichols's noiſe;
But ſuch idle amuſements I'll carefully ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dog and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finiſh'd his ſummer's career,
And his maturing aid bleſt the huſbandman's care;
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harveſt home,
And, their labours being o'er, are at leiſure to roam;
From the noiſe of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me carefully ſtand,
And none dares to ſtir, but the dog I command;
When the covey he ſprings, and I bring down my bird,
I've a pleaſure no paſtime beſide can afford:
No paſtime nor pleaſure that's under the ſun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
And I bruſh thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;
There I exerciſe freely my levelling ſkill,
And with pheaſants and woodcocks my bag often fill;
For death (where I find them) they ſeldom can ſhun,
My dogs are ſo ſure, and ſo fatal my gun.

My ſpaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;
Some range at a diſtance, and ſome hunt at hand:
When a woodcock they fluſh, or a pheaſant they ſpring,
With heart-cheering notes, how they make the woods ring;
Then for muſic let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the ſport of the day,
And ſpread o'er the table my conquer'd ſpoils lay;
Then I think of my friends, and to each ſend a part:
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart:
Thus vices of town, and its follies I ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dog and my gun.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'TWas in the good Rover
I ſail'd the world around;
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd Britiſh ground:
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main;
Found all relations ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.

That

The time bound ſtraight for Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
And as we made Cape Ortegal
A gale blew off the ſhore;
She lay, ſo it did ſhock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, ſav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to ſea again.

Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night,
Thunder and light'ning hailing
The horrors of the fight;
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to ſea again.

Yet ſtill I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Altho' I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The King, God bleſs his royalty,
Has ſav'd me from the main;
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to ſea again.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

THERE was once.—it was ſaid, when, 'tis out of my head;—
Aye, and where to—yet true is my tale;
That a round-belly'd Vicar bepimpled with liquor,
Could ſtick to no text like good ale.
Tol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

He one night 'gan to doſe, when under the roſe
The parſon was that night non ſe ipſe;
Non ſe ipſe, you'll ſay, what is that to the lay?—
In plain Engliſh then, the parſon was tipſey;

When the Clerk coming in, with his band-bobbing chin,
As ſolemn and ſniv'ling as may be:
The Vicar he gap'd, his Clerk hem'd and ſcrap'd,
Saying,—pleaſe, ſir, to bury a baby.

Now our author ſuppoſes the Clerk's name was Moſes,
Who look'd at his maſter ſo roſy;
He blink'd with one eye, and with wig all awry,
He hiccup'd out,—How cheers it, Moſy?

A child, ſir, is carry'd, for you to be buried;
Bury me, Moſes,—no that won't do.—
Lord, ſir, ſays the Clerk, you are all in the dark,
'Tis a child to be buried, not you.

Well, Moſes, don't hurry,—the infant we'll bury;—
But, Maſter, the corpſe cannot ſtay:
What—can't it—but why?—for once then we'll try
If a corpſe, Moſes, can run away.

But Moſes reply'd, the pariſh will chide,
For keeping them out in cold weather:
Then, Mozy, quoth he, pray tell 'em from me,
I'll bury them warm all together.

But, ſir, it rains hard, pray have ſome regard;—
Regard, Moſes, that makes me ſtay!
For no corpſe, young or old, in the rain can catch cold,
But, Moſes, faith you and I may.

Moſes

Moſes begg'd to be gone, ſaying, ſir, the rain's done;
Pleaſe to riſe, and I'll lend you my hand;—
'Tis hard, quoth the Vicar, to leave thus my liquor,
And go,—when I'm ſure I can't ſtand.

At length, though ſore troubled, to the church-yard he hobbled,
Lamenting the length of the way;
For, Moſes, quoth he, were I Biſhop d'ye ſee,
I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave, ſays he, Moſes,—a ſtave;—
Lord, where's my tobacco-box hid?
I proteſt this faſt walking prevents me from talking;
So, Moſes, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd the book, and therein ſeem'd to look,
Whilſt o'er the page only he ſquinted;
Crying, Moſes, I'm vex'd, for I can't ſee the text,
This book is ſo damnably printed.

Woman of a man born—no—that's wrong—the leaf's torn;—
Upon woman the natural ſwell is;
Were men got with child the world wou'd run wild,
You and I, Moſes, might have big bellies.

Our guts wou'd be preſſ'd hard were we got with baſtard;
How wonderful are our ſuppoſes;—
What midwife could do it? he'd be hardly put to it,
Lord bleſs us, to lay me and Moſes.

So, Moſes, come forth, put the child into earth,
And duſt to duſt, duſt it away;
For, Moſes, I truſt, we ſhould ſoon turn to duſt
If we were not to moiſten our clay.

Moſes,—mind what I ſay;—when 'tis night 'tis not day;—
Now in former times ſaints could work miracles,
And raiſe from the dead,—there's no more to be ſaid,
For, Moſes, I've dropp'd down my ſpectacles.

Moſes,—hear what I ſay,—life's, alas! but a day,—
Nay, ſometimes 'tis over at noon;—
Man is but a flower, cut down in an hour,
'Tis ſtrong ale, Moſes, does it ſo ſoon.

So one pot, and then;—Moſes anſwer'd, Amen!—
And thus far we've carried the farce on;
'Tis the vice of the times to reliſh thoſe rhymes,
Where the ridicule runs on a Parſon.

But ſatire deteſts immorality's jeſt,
All prophane or immodeſt expreſſion;
So now we'll conclude, and drink as we ſhou'd,
To the good folks of every profeſſion.
Tol de rol, lol de rol lol, &c.

YOU SHAN'T SIR.

JOHNNY met me t'other day,
Blithe young ſoldier Johnny;
Whither going, he did ſay,
Pretty laſs ſo bonny:—
Stop awhile and let us talk—
No, ſays I, I can't, Sir,
Then, ſays he, with you I'll walk—
No, ſays I—you ſhan't, Sir.

W.N.H. Bib. Bodl. HARDING

Johnny

Johnny dropp'd his hand with ſpeed,
And he kiſs'd me ſweetly;
Yes, he truly did indeed,
Oh, he did it neatly:—
Still he cry'd, come let us woo—
No, ſays I—I can't, ſir,
Then ſays he, I'll gang with you—
No, ſays I—you ſhan't, ſir.

Come, my dear, be kind—ſays he—
Soothe a lovers ſorrow;
And to the church repair with me,
Bonny laſs, to morrow:
Say you will, and eaſe my woe—
No, ſays I—I can't, ſir.
Then, ſaid he, to war I'll go—
No, ſays I—you ſhan't, ſir.

THE SEAMAN's HOME.

O YOU, whoſe lives on land are paſs'd,
And keep from dangerous ſeas;
Who careleſs liſten to the blaſt
Or beating rain upon the roof;
You little heed how ſeamen fare—
Condemn'd the angry ſtorm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his ſtation on the deck;
And now laſh'd o'er the veſſel's ſide,
He clears away the cumber'd wreck:
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean is his only home!

Still freſher blows the midnight gale!
"All hands, reef top-ſails." are the cries!
And, while the clouds the veil,
Aloft to reef the ſails he flies!
In ſtorms for rending, doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the ſeaman's home.

HEIGHO.

THE pleaſures of May,
Invited me to ſtray,
Where cowſlips and violets blow;
When bleſt with content,
With the laſſes I went,
But now I repent it—heigho!

For Damon was there,
So graceful an air,
With love I began ſoon to glow;
In vain blooms the ſpring,
In vain the birds ſing,
But Cupid I'm wounded—heigho!

I'm terribly vext,
Tormented, perplext,
Aud ſcarcely can tell where I go;
If Damon paſs by,
How confuſed am I,
He's all that I wiſh for—heigho!

'Twas but t'other day,
While my lambs were at play,
Sometimes they a rambling will go;
He came in my view,
And ſaid—how do ye do?
I anſwered him only—heigho!

Should he aſk me to wed,
As it runs in my head
He has ſome inclination to do;
I ſhall ſurely comply,
For I own, by the by,
I have ſome inclination—heigho!

THE SOLDIER's ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a ſoldier's wife,
Thoſe tears but ill become thee.
What though by duty I am call'd
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's ſelf might ſtand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heav'n above,
Thy fervent oriſons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou putt'ſt up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be
As ſword and buckler ſerving;
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving.
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſur'd when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough

Enough with that benignant ſmile
Some kindred god inſpir'd thee;
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
I go aſſur'd, my life, adieu,
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murd'ring carnage ſtalk'd in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

JACK THE GUINEA PIG.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ſhip's unmoor'd,
And landmen lag behind, ſir;
The ſailor joyful ſkips on board,
And ſwearing prays for a wind, ſir.
Towing here,
Yehoing there,
Steadily,
Readily,
Chearily,
Merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a ſailor's life at ſea.

When we ſail with a freſh'ning breeze,
And landmen all grow ſick, ſir;
The ſailor lolls with his mind at eaſe,
And the ſong and the can go quick, ſir.
Laughing here, quaffing there,
Steadily, &c.

When

When the wind at night whiſtles o'er the deep,
And ſings to the landmen dreary:
The ſailor fearleſs goes to ſleep,
Or takes his watch moſt cheary.
Boozing here, ſnoozing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the ſky grows black, and the wind blows hard,
And landmen ſculk below, ſir;
Jack mounts up to the top-ſail yard,
And he turns his quid as he goes, ſir.
Hawling here, bawling there,
Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And landſmen cry "all's gone, ſir;"
The ſailor hangs 'twixt ſea and ſky,
And he jokes with Davy Jones, ſir.
Daſhing here, claſhing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the ſhip, d'ye ſee, becomes a wreck,
And landſmen hoiſt the boat, ſir;
The ſailor ſcorns to quit the deck,
While a ſingle plank's afloat, ſir.
Swearing here, tearing there,
Steadily, &c.

THE HAPPY SAILOR.

IN ſtorms, when clouds obſcure the ſky;
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—
In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſions prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Shou'd ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

When rocks appear on every ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide;
In varied ſhapes, when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my boſom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But ſhould the gracious pow'rs be kind—
Diſpel the gloom and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long loſt native ſhore;
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with the
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

THE SAILOR's RETURN.

THE buſy crew their ſails unbending,
The ſhip in harbour ſafe arriv'd;
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below:
Long quarter'd ſhoes, check ſhirt, blue jacket,
And trowſers like the driven ſnow.

His honeſt heart with pleaſure glowing,
He flew like light'ning to the ſide:
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he eſpy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
From her neat made hat of ſtraw;
Red was her cheek when firſt ſhe utter'd,
It was her ſailor that ſhe ſaw.

And now the gazing crew ſurround her,
While ſecure from all alarms;
Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a ploughman a ſailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the ſky,
E'er flutter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough;
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs was I.
But my friend was a carpenter on board a king's ſhip,
And he aſk'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip,
And he talk'd of ſuch things,
As if ſailors were kings,
And ſo teaſing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
No longer the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
I truſted to the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like to be aboard a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like rocking about:
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that;
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat,
Ah! cried I who wou'd roam,
That like me had a home,
I cou'd ſow, I cou'd reap,
E'er I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
Where ſo ſweetly the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn;
I truſted to the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
E'er I found by a friend who I aſk'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away;

Ah!

Ah! who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame,
Wives loſing their huſbands oft loſe a good name;
Ah! why did I roam,
When ſo happy at home;
I cou'd ſow and cou'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
Curſe light upon the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi's a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife's ſafe at home.
Stark ſtaring with joy, I leap'd out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin;
Now, cried I, let them roam
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep:
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any damn'd carpenter nor the inconſtant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

YEO, YEA.

DOWN top-gallants ſtand by your lee braces,
For now we have weather'd the ſea;
Would you, lads, ſee the girls pretty faces,
Safe moor'd at anchor, Yeo, Yea.

We ſail'd in the good ſhip, the Kitty,
With a freſh blowing breeze and rough ſea;
There's my Nancy, whom they call ſo pretty,
Safe moor'd at an anchor, Yeo, Yea.

She utter'd ſoft words when we parted,
I'd have you be conſtant, ſaid ſhe;
Said I, my dear, don't be down-hearted,
Then up went our anchor, Yeo, Yea.

From that time, no worſe nor no better,
For nothing was thought of but ſhe;
Could grog or gin make me forget her,
She's my cable and anchor, Yeo, Yea.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ſhip up channel ſteer'd,
And ſcudding under an eaſy ſail,
The high blew weſtern land appear'd.
To heave the lead the ſeamen ſprung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"By the Deep—Nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey-tower, an harbour-fort,
Or beacon to the veſſel true.
While oft the lead the ſeaman ſlung,
And to the pilot cheerly ſung,
"By the Mark—Seven!"

And as the much-lov'd ſhore draw'd near,
With tranſport we behold the roof,
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchleſs proof.
The lead once more the ſeaman ſlung,
And to the watchful pilot ſung,
"Quarter-leſs—Five!"

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ſhip that's under ſail,
Spreads her wide boſom to the gale;
Sweet, Oh ſweet's the flowing cann;
Sweet to poiſe the lab'ring oar,
That tugs us to our native ſhore:
When the boatſwain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet ſailing with a flowing breeze,
But, Oh much ſweeter than all theſe,
Is jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the North,
To ſhew of conſtancy the worth,
A curious leſſon teaches man;
The needle time may ruſt, a ſquall,
Capſize the binnacle and all,
Let ſeamanſhip do all it can;
My love in worth ſhall higher riſe,
Nor time ſhall ruſt, nor ſqualls capſize,
My faith and truth for lovely Nan.

When in the bilbows I was pen'd,
For ſerving oft a worthleſs friend,
And every creature from me ran;
No ſhip performing quarantine
Was ever ſo deſerted ſeen;
None hail'd me, woman, child, or man;
But tho' falſe friendſhip's ſails were furl'd,
Tho' cut adrift from all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loſs who hazard ran;

I love to take an honeſt part,
Love beauty and a ſpotleſs heart,
By manners love to ſhew the man;
To ſail thro' life by honour's breeze,
It was all along of loving theſe,
I doated firſt on lovely Nan.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

O DEAR! what can the matter be?
Dear, Dear! what can the matter be?
O dear! what can the matter be,
Johnny's ſo long at the fair;
He promis'd to buy me a pair of blue ſtockings,
A pair of new garters that coſt him but two pence;
He promis'd he'd buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair,

O dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be,
O dear! what can the matter be,
Johnny's ſo long at the fair?
He promis'd to bring me a baſket of poſies,
A garland of lillies, a garland of roſes,
A little ſtraw hat to ſet off the blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

O dear! ſee how he's running,
O dear! ſee he's a coming,
Dear, dear! ſee how he's running,
Johnny's return'd from the fair.
He has brought me a delicate baſket of poſies,
A garland of lillies, a garland of roſes,
A little ſtraw hat to ſet off the blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

THIS

THIS WORLD IS SURE A PACK OF CARDS.

THIS world is ſure a pack of cards,
Such ſhuffling and ſuch dealing;
Now fortune frowns and now rewards,
We're winning, or we're failing.
So many knaves are in the pack,
That 'ſpite of clubs they beat us;
And as odd tricks they never lack,
'Tis evident they cheat us.
Then as the maxim is it ſeems,
To play our cards quite knowing,
Let us, my boys, purſue their ſchemes,
It is the game that's going.

See Strephon with fair Chloe plays,
He has deſigns upon her;
And well I know, 'fore many days,
Will ſurely take honour:
Ah! giddy fair, why not foreſee
His motive was to win you;
But ſince its ſo, why you and he
Muſt partners now continue.
Then as the maxim, &c.

To rich and poor, 'tis all the ſame,
They both alike are playing;
The only difference is the game,
And ſometimes in the paying:
The poor a little Commerce want,
And Cribbage is their pleaſure;
But Hazard is the rich one's point,
With which they riſk their treaſure.
Then ſince the maxim, &c.

How many win!—how many loſe!
How many wiſh for court cards!
How many a good hand abuſe!
How many love to ſport cards!
But none with diamonds ever parts,
For they are always famous;
And never fail in winning hearts,
No matter what the game is.
Then ſince the maxim, &c.

LIFE's LIKE A SHIP.

LIFE's like a ſhip in conſtant motion,
Sometimes high, and ſometimes low,
Where every one muſt brave the ocean,
Whatſoever winds may blow:
If annoy'd by ſquall or ſhowers,
Driven by the gentle gales,
Loſe not then the fav'ring hours,
Whilſt ſucceſs attends the ſails.

If the wayward winds ſhould bluſter,
Never let's give way to fear,
All or patience let us muſter,
And learn from reaſon how to ſteer.
Let judgement keep us ever ſteady,
'Tis a ballaſt ſeldom fails;
And when dangers riſe, be ever ready
To manage well the ſwelling ſails.

Truſt not ſo much to your own opinion,
Whilſt the veſſel is under way;
Let good diſcretion bear dominion,
That compaſs never leads aſtray:

When

When thund'ring tempeſts make you ſhudder,
And Boreas on the ſurface reigns,
Let good diſcretion guide the rudder,
When providence attends the ſails.

And when you are ſafe from danger riding,
In ſome favorite port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
Care awhile in ſlumber lay:
Then when each cann's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowſhip prevails,
Let each true heart with rapture flowing,
Drink ſucceſs unto the ſails.

THE WOODMAN.

FAR remov'd from noiſe and ſmoke,
Hark, I hear the woodman's ſtroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What miſchief dire he brews:
How art ſhall ſhape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and eaſe,
He weighs not matters ſuch as theſe,
But ſings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree ſhall form the ſpruce ſedan,
Or wheel-barrow, where oyſter Nan
So runs her vulgar rig:
The ſtage where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or elſe a quack's, perhaps the ſtocks,
Or poſts for ſigns, or barbers' blocks,
Where ſmiles the parſon's wig.

Thou

Thou mak'ſt, bold peaſant, oh what grief!
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief,
The ſeat where ſits the great Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobler's ſtall:
Thou pamper'ſt life in every ſtage,
Mak'ſt folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet juſtice let us ſtill afford,
Theſe chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard
Confeſs the woodman's ſtroke:
He made the preſs that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itſelf, where tiplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

AMO, AMAS.

AMO, amas,
I love a laſs
As a cedar tall and ſlender;
Sweet cowſlips grace
Is her nom'tive caſe,
And ſhe's of the feminine gender.

Rorum corum, ſunt divorum,
Harum ſcarum divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband,
Hic, hoc, horum genetivo.

Can

Can I decline
A nymph divine;
Whoſe voice like a flute is dulcis;
Her oculis bright,
Her manus white,
And ſoft, when I tacto, her pulſe is.
Rorum, corum, &c.

Oh how bella
My puella!
I'll kiſs ſecula ſeculorum:
If I've luck, ſir,
She's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum!
Rorum, corum, &c

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the roſy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the graſs was down,
And each ſhepherd woed his dear.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay,
The laſſie bluſh'd and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the laſs;
Contented ſhe earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the graſs.

Bonny

Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won my heart right merrily,
Yet ſtill ſhe bluſh'd and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few;
She gave him her hand and a kiſs beſide,
And vow'd ſhe'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merily,
At church ſhe no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, mannot buckle too.

GENTLE ANNA's LOVE.

IMPREST with every fond deſire,
My troubled mind has ſtrove
To check the thought that dare aſpire
To gentle Anna's love.

But reaſon cannot love reſtrain,
And vain my efforts prove;
My heart ſtill fondly longs to gain
Its gentle Anna's love.

MY TRADE IS WAR.

MADAM, you know my trade is war,
And what ſhould I deny it for?
Whene'er the trumpet ſounds from far,
I long to hack and hew;
Yet, Madam, credit what I ſay,
Were I this moment call'd away,
And all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather ſtay with you.

Did drums and ſprightly trumpets ſound,
Did death and carnage ſtalk around,
Did dying horſes bite the ground,
Had we no hope in view:
Were the whole army loſt in ſmoke,
Were they the laſt words that I ſpoke,
I'd ſay, and dam'me it I joke,
I'd rather ſtay with you.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,
Did e'en the braveſt face appear,
Impreſs'd with ſigns of mortal fear,
Though never veteran knew
So terrible and hot a fight,
Though all my laurels it ſhould blight
Though I ſhould loſe ſo fine a ſight,
I'd rather ſtay with you.

THE WAXEN DOLL.

WHEN firſt I ſlipt my leading ſtrings — to pleaſe her little Poll,
My mother bought me at the fair a pretty waxen doll;
Such ſloe-black eyes, and cherry cheeks, the ſmiling dear poſſeſt,
How could I kiſs it oft enough—or hug it to my breaſt?

No ſooner I could prattle it, as forward Miſſes do,
Then how I long'd, and ſigh'd to hear my dolly prattle to;
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat, and dreſs'd her very gay,
And yet the ſulky huſſy not a ſyllable would ſay.

Provok'd, that to my queſtions kind, no anſwer I could get,
I ſhook the little huſſy well, and whipp'd her in a pet:
My mother cry'd, oh! fie upon't, pray let your doll alone,
If e'er you wiſh to have a pretty baby of your own!

My head on this I bridled, and threw the plaything by,
Although my ſiſter ſnubb'd me for't—I know the reaſon why—
I fancy ſhe would wiſh to keep the ſweet-hearts all her own;
But that ſhe ſhan't, depend upon't, when I'm a woman grown.

THE

THE MERRY SAILOR.

HOW pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main,
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But cheerfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true;
And would not commit a baſe action,
For power and profit in view.

Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes through the world my brave boys.

The world is a plentiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
But plenty too often breeds ſtrife;
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why ſhould we quarrel, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of ſtate,
Than we, who to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great:
The various bleſſings of nature,
In various ſtations we try,
No mortals on earth can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why ſhould we quarrel, &c.

THE INVASION.

WHILST happy in my native land,
So great, ſo fam'd in ſtory,
Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand
To raiſe our Country's glory:
When Britain calls, her valiant ſons
Will ruſh in crowds to aid her;—
Snatch, your muſkets, prime your guns,
And cruſh the fierce invader!
Whilſt every Briton's ſong ſhall be,
"O give us death—or victory!"

Long had this favour'd iſle enjoy'd
True comforts, paſt expreſſing;
When France her helliſh arts employ'd,
To rob us of each bleſſing:
Theſe from our hearths by force to tear
(Which long we've learn'd to cheriſh)
Our frantic foes ſhall vainly dare;
We'll keep 'em, or we'll periſh.—
And every day our ſong ſhall be,
"Or give us death—or victory!"

Let France in ſavage aecents ſing
Her bloody Revolution;
We prize our Country, love our King,
Adore our Conſtitution.
For theſe we'll every danger face,
And quit our ruſtic labours;
Our ploughs to firelocks give place,
Our ſcythes we'll change to ſabres.
And clad in arms our ſongs ſhall be,
"O give us death—or victory!"

Soon

Soon ſhall the proud invaders learn,
When bent on blood and plunder;
That Britiſh boſoms nobly burn
To brave their cannon's thunder.
Low lie thoſe heads, whoſe wily arts
Have plann'd the world's undoing;
Our vengeful blades ſhall reach thoſe hearts
Which ſeek our Country's ruin.
And night and morn our ſong ſhall be,
" O give us death—or victory!"

When with French blood our fields manur'd,
The glorious ſtruggle ended,
We'll ſing the dangers we've endur'd,
The bleſſings we've defended.
O'er the full bowl our feats we'll tell,
Each gallant deed reciting;
And weep o'er thoſe who nobly fell
Their Country's battles fighting.—
And ever thence our ſong ſhall be,
" That valour leads to victory."

BACHELOR's HALL.

TO bachelor's hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chaſe that makes up our delight;
We have ſpirits like fire, and of health ſuch a ſtock,
That our pulſe ſtrikes the ſeconds as true as a clock:
Did you ſee us, you'd ſwear, as we mount with a grace,
That Diana had dubb'd ſome new new gods of the chace.
Hark away! hark away! while our ſpirit are gay,
And Aurora with ſmiles uſhers in the bright day.

Dick Thickſet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
Tom Trig rode a bay, full of metal and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan:
But the horſe of all horſes that rivall'd the day,
Was the 'ſquire's neck-or-nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away! hark away! while our ſpirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds there was Nimble, ſo well that climbs rocks,
And Cocknoſe a good one at ſcenting a fox;
Little Plunge like a mole, who with Ferret and Search,
And beetle-brown Hawk's-eye, ſo dead at a lurch:
Young Sly-looks who ſcents the ſtrong breeze from the ſouth,
And muſical Echo-well with his deep mouth.
Hark away! &c.

Our horſes thus all of the very beſt blood,
'Tis not likely you'll eaſily find ſuch a ſtud;
And for hounds, our opinions with thouſands we'll back,
That all England throughout don't produce ſuch a pack:
Thus having deſcrib'd you dogs, horſes, and crew,
Away we ſet off, for the fox is in view.
Hark away! &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns ſound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall:
The ſav'ry ſir-loin grateful ſmokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favorite hoard:
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the ſweet pleaſure that ſprings from the chace.
Hark away! &c.

BOTHER'D FROM HEAD TO THE TAIL.

AT ſixteen years old you could get little good of me;
Then I ſaw Norah, who ſoon underſtood of me,
I was in love—but myſelf, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns! what can the matter be?
Och! Gramachree! what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confeſs me to Father O'Flannagan;
Told him my caſe—made an end—then began again:
Father, ſays I, make me ſoon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! ſays he, what can the matter be?
Och! blood an-ouns! can't you tell what the matter be?
Both cried out, what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell ſick—I did bellow and curſe again—
Norah took pity to ſee me at nurſe again;
Gave me a kiſs; och, zounds! that threw me worſe again;
Well ſhe knew what I did ail.

But dear, dear! ſays ſhe, what can the matter me;
Och, blood an ouns! my laſs, what can the matter be?
Both cried out what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now ſince I left Tipperary—
How ſtrange, growing older, our nature ſhould vary!
All ſymptoms are gone of ancient quandary—
I cannot tell what I ail.

Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Och, blood an ouns! what can the matter be?
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be?
I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

A SAILING WE WILL GO.

COME, buſtle, buſtle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our cann is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to ſea.
And a ſailing we will go.

Fine Miſs at dancing ſchool is taught
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.
And a ſailing. &c.

The jockey's call'd to horſe, to horſe,
And ſwiftly rides the race,
But ſwifter far we ſhape our courſe
When we are giving chace.
And a ſailing, &c.

When horns and ſhouts the foreſts rend,
His pack the huntſman cheers;
As loud we hollow, when we ſend
A broadſide to Monſieurs.
And a ſailing, &c.

The what's-their-names at uproar ſquall,
With muſic fine and ſoft,
But better ſounds our boatſwain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.
And a ſailing, &c.

With gold and ſilver ſtreamlets fine
The ladies rigging ſhew,
But Engliſh ſhips more grandeur ſhine,
When prizes home we tow.
And a ſailing, &c.

What's got at ſea we ſpend on ſhore,
With ſweethearts or our wives;
And then, my boys, hoiſt ſail for more,
Thus paſs the ſailors' lives.
And a ſailing, &c.

THE INSULTED SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honour'd ſcars,
When indifference ſtood at each gate?

The face that would ſmile when my purſe was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aſpect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the ſea.
I thought

I thought it was unwiſe to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got;
And a trifle, alas! was my ſtore.

A handkerchief held all the treaſure I had,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather ſad,
To join in ſome jolly ſhip's crew.

The ſea was leſs troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I ſurvey'd;
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a ſlippery jade.

And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones ſee,
That the turbulent winds and the billows might ſhow
More kindneſs than they did to me.

THE END.

Index to the Songs.

AT night with the woodlark I reſt, p. 3
As tinkering Tom thro' ſtreets his trade did cry, - - - - - 28
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd, - 34
As bringing home the other day, - - 39
A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall, - 44
As you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight, 45
And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman, 52
At Totterdown-hill there liv'd a fair pair, - 53
At the ſign of the horſe old ſpintext of courſe, 56
A plague of thoſe muſty old lubbers, - 86
Adieu, adieu, my only life, - - - 103
Amo, amas, - - - - - 116
At ſixteen years old, - - - 125

Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day, 10
Begone, dull care, I prythee begone from me, 37
Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn, - 38
Blow high, blow low, - - - - 49
Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree, 75

Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we ſteer, 4
Ceaſe rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer, - - 11
Come, rouze, brother ſportſman, the hunters all cry, - - - - - - 86
Come my jolly lads, the wind's abaft, - 59
Come let us prepare, - - - - 72
Come ye lads who wiſh to ſhine, - - 80
Come, cheer up my lads, let's together unite, 81
Come buſtle, buſtle, drink about, - 126

Do you hear, brother ſportſman, - - 21
Dear Kathleen, you no doubt, - - 36
Dear ſir, this brown jug, - - - 51

Dear

Dear Nancy, I've ſail'd the world all round, p. 71
Down top-gallants, ſtand by your lee braces, 109

Ere round the huge oak that o'erſhadow'd yon mill, 30
Every mortal ſome favorite pleaſure purſues, 95

Far remov'd from noiſe and ſmoke, - 115
For England, when'with fav'ring gales, - 110

God ſave great George our King, - - 2
Give round the world, diſmount, diſmount, 6
Go patter to lubbers and ſwabs, d'ye ſee, - 83

Hark ! hark! the joy inſpiring horn, - 19
Hark away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn, - 20
Hark, the huntſman's begun to ſound - 21
How ſweet in the woodlands, - - 22
He comes, he comes, the hero comes, - 46
How ſtands the glaſs around, - - 48
Here's to the maiden of bluſhing fifteen, - 65
Hail England, old England, for glory renown'd, 67
Here a ſheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling, 35
How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes, - - 121

I made love to Kate, - - - - 43
In Jacky Bull when bound to France, - 58
I ſing the Britiſh ſeaman's praiſe, - - 87
It was in a village near Caſtlebury, - 92
Johnny met me t'other day, - - 100
In ſtorms when clouds obſcure the ſkies, - 106
I that once was a ploughman, - - 108
Impreſt with every fond deſire, - - 118

Let care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul, - 26
Lord, what care I for mam or dad, - 30
Life's like a ſhip in conſtant motion, - 114

My maid, Mary, ſhe minds her dairy, - 68

My

My dog and my miſtreſs are both of a kind, p. 93
Madam, you know my trade is war, - 119

Once the Gods of the Greeks, - - - 14
Oh! Greedy Midas, I have been told, - 63
On Richmond hill there lives a laſs - 64
O ſawney, why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn, 69
One midſummer morning, - - - 94
O you, whoſe lives on land are paſs'd, - 101
O dear, what can the matter be, - - 112

Says Plato, why ſhould man be vain, - 7
Since you mean to hire for ſervice, - 46
Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear, - 60
See the courſe throng'd with gazers, - 89
See the ball-room thick crowded, - - 90
Sweet is the ſhip that's under way, - - 111

The foes of old England, - - - 3
The wealthy fool with gold in ſtore, - 8
The topſail ſhivers in the wind, - - 9
The wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main, - 10
The duſky night rides down the ſky, - 13
The echoing horn calls the ſportſman abroad, 17
'Twas at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells, 23
The fields were green, the hills were gay, 29
To Anacreon in heaven, where he ſat in full glee, 31
There was an old man, and tho' it's not common, 33
The bird that hears her neſtlings cry, - 40
The ſweet roſy morning peeps over the hills, 42
The whiſtling ploughman hails the bluſhing dawn, 47
'Twas when the ſeas were roaring, - 50
The buſy crew their ſails unbending, - 54
To my muſe give attention, - - 61
The mind of a woman can never be known, 70
The ſummer it was ſmiling, - - 78

'Twas

'Twas in the dead of night, - - - 79
The moment Aurora peep'd into my room, 82
'Twas in the good ſhip Rover, - - 96
There was once—it was ſaid, - - 97
The pleaſures of May, - - - 102
The buſy crew their ſails unbending, - 107
This world is ſure a pack of cards, - 113
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, - 117
To Bachelor's hall we good fellows invite, 122

When Britain firſt at heaven's command, 1
When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat, 22
When trees did bud, and fields were green, 37
Water parted from the ſea, - - 41
When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen, 42
When up the ſhrouds the ſailor goes, - 66
When the ſheep are in the fauld, - - 69
When the anchor's weigh'd, - - 104
When firſt I ſlipt my leading ſtrings, - 120
Whilſt happy in my native land, - - 122
When my money was gone, - - 127

Ye Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes - 17
Ye ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too, 55
You ſay my dear girl, that you're given to roam, 74

79
82
96
97
102
107
113
177
122

1
, 22
37
41
, 42
66
69
104
120
122
127

17
o, 55
74